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THE HOLY FAMILY.—[By Murillo.]

THE DOOM OF SLAVERY.

PROCLAMATION.

WILLIAM H. SEWARD, SECRETARY OF STATE OF THE UNITED STATES,

To All to Whom these Presents May Come, Greeting:

Know ye, that, whereas, the Congress of the United States, on the 1st of February last, passed a resolution, which is in the words following, namely:

"A resolution submitting to the Legislatures of the several States a proposition to amend the Constitution of the United States:

Resolved, By the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America, in Congress assembled, two-thirds of both Houses concurring, that the following article be proposed to the Legislatures of the several States as an amendment to the Constitution of the United States, which, when ratified by three-fourths of said Legislatures, shall be valid to all intents and purposes as a part of said Constitution, namely:

ARTICLE XIII.

SECTION 1. *Neither slavery nor involuntary servitude, except as a punishment for crime whereof the party shall have been duly convicted, shall exist within the United States or any place subject to their jurisdiction.*

SECTION 2. *Congress shall have power to enforce this article by appropriate legislation.*

And, whereas, it appears from official documents on file in this department that the Amendment to the Constitution of the United States proposed as aforesaid has been ratified by the Legislatures of the States of Illinois, Rhode Island, Michigan, Maryland, New York, West Virginia, Maine, Kansas, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Virginia, Ohio, Missouri, Nevada, Indiana, Louisiana, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Vermont, Tennessee, Arkansas, Connecticut, New Hampshire, South Carolina, Alabama, North Carolina, and Georgia, in all twenty-seven States;

And whereas, the whole number of States in the United States is thirty-six;

And whereas, the before specially named States, whose Legislatures have ratified the said proposed amendment, constitute three-fourths of the whole number of States in the United States;

Now, therefore, be it known that I, WILLIAM H. SEWARD, Secretary of State of the United States, by virtue and in pursuance of the second section of the act of Congress approved the 20th of April, 1818, entitled "An Act to provide for the publication of the laws of the United States and for other purposes," do hereby certify that the amendment aforesaid HAS BECOME VALID TO ALL INTENTS AND PURPOSES AS A PART OF THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES.

IN testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the Department of State to be affixed. Done at the City of Washington, this 18th day of December, in the year of our Lord 1865, and of the Independence of the United States of America the 90th.

WM. H. SEWARD,
Secretary of State.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1865.

MERRY CHRISTMAS.

THE Christmas greeting of this year will be more exulting than for many a year past. For if all the clouds that lowered upon our house are not in the deep bosom of the ocean buried, the sun has fully pierced them, and the genial light of peace makes such a festival as has long been unknown to us.

It is just a year since the final crash of the rebellion began in the fall of Savannah. The triumphant march of SHERMAN was the overture to the rapid drama of the Spring, and between the snows of last year and of this one of the largest and bravest armies of the world has melted back into the mass of the people without the least trouble or danger to the public tranquillity. This is but one of the innumerable points in which the peculiar quality of the American system is apparent.

As the old year closes upon happy faces and merry homes the prospect of the new is not such as to threaten the duration of that condition which makes the people hopeful and gay. Every American trusts the public sagacity and heroism as he never did before. If he does not clearly see the issue of many grave questions, he has learned by ample and inspiring experience that they will not necessarily be wrongly settled because the settlement is for the present hidden. If we are prouder than ever before, it is a legitimate pride. If we are more confident, it is a justifiable faith. For if ever there were a true movement of the people it was the late war, and if ever a people moved steadily and nobly forward it was this people who did so.

For the heroic dead, the flower of our youth which the fierce war withered, there will be a forever renewed tenderness of private remembrance and of public respect with every Christmas season. In our festive garlands we shall twine a leaf of rue, and in the glistening evergreen of holly and ivy see more than the sturdy plants. For the living who returned from the bitter field there will be always at every season a Christmas welcome in all faithful hearts. And for those who so long maintained the fight against the Union and liberty there will be mingled feelings as the old domestic and religious feast returns. Yet among those feelings hate and vindictiveness have no share. The festival commemorates the birth of Him who died for all men, and thereby proclaimed and sealed their common humanity.

And if the Christmas light could show the late enemies of the United States that peace is born only of good will to men, we should all gladly join hands from sea to sea and raise our voice in one vast millennial chorus, the jubilant thunder of which would break all political, social, moral, and mental chains in the world, "Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, good will to men!"

OUR FRENCH RELATIONS.

WE observe that some people are so impatient of the presence of the French in Mexico that they cry aloud for the Government to order the French emperor out of that country. They declare that he is constantly sending reinforcements to MAXIMILIAN—that he has had no positive assurance of the hostility of this Government to his Mexican performance—and that to refrain from serving him with a notice to quit is to drift inevitably into war. The same authorities make the alternative very easy by adding that, if LOUIS NAPOLEON is told with sufficient emphasis to go, he will at once order his troops upon the transports, and, offering MAXIMILIAN a free passage, will gratefully thank us and depart.

If this last point were as clear in fact as it is in assertion our choice could be promptly made. But experience does not reveal such alacrity upon the part of foreign powers to do exactly as they are ordered to do; and whether France would leave Mexico merely because the United States commanded it, is a question which will be best answered by considering the character of the French people, and by the ordinary conduct of all nations under such circumstances.

Negotiations, which we infer from the tone of the President's Message upon this subject, are probably now pending, may very readily end in a peaceful solution of the difficulty. But a peremptory notice to the French to withdraw under pain of our displeasure is plainly war. Now good policy and humanity require that the United States should deliberate very carefully before engaging in another war. One of the most signal good fortunes of our late long and terrible struggle is, that it has not left us with a thirst for military glory, and every thoughtful citizen sees that no disaster could be greater than that we should acquire that taste. Then every material interest, every liberal aim of this country imperatively demand peace and domestic reorganization. That these would be indefinitely postponed by a general war is evident. Indeed the same papers which bristle with defiance of France and resound with the war-cry have often simultaneous speculations upon the proper method of paying the national debt, which is a serious consideration to every man. Nor is it less plain that, in the present condition of the lately insurgent States, a great foreign war would involve this country in the gravest complications.

Indeed the inevitable consequences of the peremptory policy we are considering are so plain, the infinite loss, sorrow, and confusion, whatever the event of the war might be, are so apparent, that we feel very confident the advice of impatience will be estimated at its exact value. As a matter of fact the increase of the French force in Mexico is not more than sufficient to maintain its numbers. If fresh armies and supplies were arriving indicating an intention of hostilities with this country, it might be reasonable to apprehend the worst. But it is not drifting into war to remain watchful and to confide in negotiations, which are conducted under a President who is known to be fully alive to all demands of the national honor and safety, and who has just said: "We should regard it as a great calamity to ourselves, to the cause of good government, and to the peace of the world, should any European power challenge the American people, as it were, to the defense of republicanism against foreign interference.......We rely on the wisdom and justice of those Powers to respect the system of non-interference which has so long been sanctioned by time, and which, by its good results, has approved itself to both continents."

Negotiations carried on in that spirit are very sure to issue more fortunately for this country and for the world than a summary warning to a high-spirited nation that if it does not immediately do what we say, it shall be incontinently thrashed into doing it.

FREEDOM OF SPEECH.

WE observe in many of the journals in the Southern States a tone of suspicion, defiance, and denunciation of the press in this part of the country, with the most reckless vituperation and exhortations to avoid certain papers and periodicals as poisonous, malicious, fiendish, and, in a word, disagreeable to the traditions of Southern opinion.

Now people will read what they choose. But if the great body of the population in those States suppose that any thing is to be gained by calling hard names they are curiously mistaken. The habit of denouncing every paper which did not hold its tongue or openly justify and excuse slavery was universal at the South before the war. It was "unfriendly," it was "fomenting discord," it was "trifling with the public welfare," it was "inviting the horrors of St. Domingo," to insist that every body in the United States was entitled to fair play. But all this is now as antiquated as the customs of the world before the flood. Conciliation in this country is to be effected in one way, and in one way only, and that is by the fullest and freest discussion of every public question.

There are a great many well-meaning people who think that if we only hold our tongues on all sides trade will settle every thing. It is a fatal error. The interests of trade can never be more vital than they were ten years ago. But they could not save us from the war, and they can not now give us peace. The differences that divide the country have been fought out, and now they must be talked out before we can be truly at rest. When it is fully understood that nobody is to be threatened into silence, and that no question is to be considered too brittle to handle, there will be a real conciliation, and never before.

And there is one plain principle which the press and people of the Southern States must sooner or later admit. It is that no question involving the equal rights of men, which, as President JOHNSON says, is the foundation of the American system, is or can ever be a purely local question. If arbitrary injustice, shocking to the reason and destructive of the American principle, is practiced among the factory operatives in Lowell, every man in the country, in Alabama as well as in Massachusetts, is in danger. It is both his right and his duty to protest. And if the capital of Lowell says that it is its own affair, and that nobody has a right to criticise or censure, it should be taught, as it would be, that a man might as wisely say that a fire in his house was his own affair, and forbid his neighbors to try to save themselves by putting it out.

Is it impossible for people in the Southern States to see that a man is not "an enemy of the South" because he advocates fair play in a region where unfair play has brought us to blood? Can they not understand that he is not counseling the women of the South to marry a Hottentot, or a New Zealander, or a Spaniard, or a negro, or an Englishman, or a Yankee, because he wishes to save a class of the population from being ground to powder? Must they necessarily suppose that he is burning to "humiliate the South" because he wishes that the fundamental principle of the Government should be respected? Are we not all equally interested that the troubles of the war should be settled as soon as possible, and is there any way of settling them except by the most unreserved discussion of the whole subject?

If the people in the Southern States had hitherto heard the men who differed from them upon vital questions instead of hanging them, they would not now be in the condition they are. And as long as they want to hang such men, they will not emerge from that condition. Republican government is practicable only with perfect freedom of speech; and when a community begins to fetter the tongue and the pen, it will end in pure despotism or in civil war. We have learned that truth at tremendous cost. Do the people of the Southern States suppose that we have already forgotten it?

And for ourselves, we certainly concede all the liberty we claim. If an editor in South Carolina or Arkansas disbelieves the American principle, if he distrusts a free Constitutional Government, if he upholds a censorship of the press, if he advocates caste and privilege, let him give his reasons. But he ought to understand by this time that it is not arguing to call a man who differs from you "a blasted abolitionist," or a "miscegenator," or "a fiend," or "an enemy of the South," or any other name whatever. The day of mere abuse has passed. If nothing can be uttered for a policy of injustice but a volley of vituperation, then injustice is doomed. We ask for a clear field and no favor. Gentlemen of the South, put your best argument foremost, and God save the right!

BREAKERS AHEAD.

WE must be very careful what we are about. The importations last week amounted to over $6,000,000 gold valuation. In the five and a half months which have expired of the current fiscal year they amount to $127,000,000; for the whole fiscal year ending 30th June next they will not be less than $250,000,000. This is at the port of New York alone, and is over and above all importations at Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, frontier ports, etc.

Now, the country has just gone through an exhausting four years' war. That war has cost nearly $3,000,000,000. Just that sum has been spent, lost, sunk. By that sum the nation is poorer than it was before the war began. Yet it seems that we can afford to spend more money than ever on foreign importations—though the duty on such importations is from 12 to 25 per cent. heavier than it used to be, and the customs revenue is averaging half a million in gold each working-day.

The seeming anomaly will not bear examination. We *can not* afford to spend the money we are spending on foreign importations. We could not afford it if goods were at old prices; and in fact we are so ravenous for foreign goods that we are paying two and three prices to the manufacturers of England, Germany, and France for the goods they are sending us. Foreign manufacturers are all growing rich at our expense, and are so busy that they decline new orders. If instead of spending four years in a wasteful war—which cost us about $40 per head per annum for each of the four years—we had been industriously engaged in productive labor, and had been practicing due economy the while, we could barely afford the extravagance in which we are now indulging.

Unless something occurs to check the present spendthrift tendency of the people of the United States the collapse predicted by Mr. M'CULLOCH may be upon us before the two years of expansion he expects shall have elapsed.

It is of nations as of men. A man may wear a bold front and keep up appearances long after his substance has departed from him. So long as the bank discounts his paper he continues to enjoy credit, and to possess so much money that the world suspects not his losses. But sooner or later the truth leaks out, and he is confessed a bankrupt. The people of the United States are not yet bankrupt, but they have lost so much money in the last four years that nothing but severe economy and a sedulous prosecution of productive industry for many years to come can prevent their becoming bankrupt ere long.

Great wars beget commercial revulsions. The British wars against Napoleon were followed by the commercial collapse of 1819; our war of 1812-'14 by the collapse of 1816-'17; the Crimean war by the collapse of 1857. Historians explain each of these collapses on different principles, and from their reasoning it would seem that the revulsions did not necessarily result from the wars, but were the fruit of other and distinct causes. This may be; but it is a curious coincidence that in this commercial age great wars have invariably been followed by severe commercial crises; and as of all transactions wars are the most wasteful of human industry and the products of labor, it is not unreasonable to suspect that the coincidence is not purely accidental.

In the year 1856 and in the early part of 1857 warnings were not wanting of the inevitable consequences of the overtrading then in progress. The crisis of 1857 was foretold many times before it came. But no one listened to CASSANDRA. Every thing was serene. Importers could not import goods enough for the jobbers. Jobbers could not keep stock enough for their dealers. Dealers could not supply the public fast enough—that public which had its pockets full of railway bonds and stocks, mercantile paper, and other paper evidences of debt—all of which was for the time being money, and would buy any thing, from a brownstone mansion to a red flannel shirt. When the evil hour came, and the paper evidences of debt lost their purchasing power, the public could not pay what they owed, the dealers failed on the jobbers, the jobbers failed on the importers, the importers failed on the foreign manufacturers, the railways failed on their bond-holders, the cities and counties of the West repudiated their debts, and the whole commercial community went down in one general crash.

There is something striking and wholesome in the reminiscence. Now as then importers can not order goods fast enough from Europe, steamers can not convey them in quantities sufficient, jobbers can not keep stock enough on hand, dealers are worked to death to supply customers, and the public pockets are crammed with paper evidences of debt—legal tenders, national bank-notes, Seven-Thirties, debt certificates, quarter-masters' vouchers, deposit certificates, gold-notes—all of them possessing purchasing power, and enabling the holder to pay 56 cents a yard for cotton cloth, $1 a pair for stockings, and $5 a yard for Lyons silks. How long can this sort of thing last?

The Secretary of the Treasury—an old banker and a scientific financier—warns us that within two years we shall have a general collapse. We shrug our shoulders, and go on buying foreign goods. French importers say: "Would you have us stop importing when we can sell every case of goods at a profit of 10 per cent.?" Jobbers laugh at contracting their business so long as dealers strip their store bare as often as they fill it. Dealers can not be expected to let their stocks run down so long as trade remains so brisk. And the gay old public, with its pockets full of money—in forty-five different shapes—spends what it has in its old free-handed way. If it could but be persuaded to retrench its expenditure; to see that when you subtract two from four, the remainder, in spite of all the metaphysics and fancy financiering in the world, is, not six, but two: the catastrophe might be averted. But do people believe CASSANDRA any more now than in the old Trojan days?

Wise men—the rare few who will be found floating after the storm—will set their houses in order. The Secretary may or may not succeed in contracting the currency. If he does, he will cause the collapse, as Mr. CHASE caused the Wall Street collapse of April 1864. If he does not, it will come without him. That it must come, no thoughtful person can doubt, in view of what is patent to all. But meanwhile old John Public will order new opera-cloaks for Mrs. P. and the Misses P.; puffing his fifty

cent Havana, will berate licentious presses for unsettling public confidence, and throwing obstacles in the way of a restoration of the good old times; and of all men in the world will be the most astonished when a hurricane arises some fine morning, and sweeps him from the financial surface.

THE TAX QUESTION.

IN a recent number, referring to the incongruities of the present Internal Revenue system, we mentioned, by way of illustration, the tax on printed books. We showed that books pay not less than fifteen separate taxes to the Government before they reach the reader. The subject has attracted the attention of the trade, and enterprising booksellers in this city, Boston, and Philadelphia have discovered that they can import books from England, pay the full duty, and lay them down here at less than half the cost of similar books printed, bound, and published in this country. Extensive arrangements are consequently being made for the importation and sale of English publications in this country.

It has been calculated that an average book will take one pound weight of paper.

	Cents.	Cents.
This costs	30	
Other material, say	10	
Labor	12	
Eleven per cent. revenue tax	7¼	
Total cost of average book in this country		59¼
Cost of same paper in England	10	
Other material	5	
Labor	6	
Duty	5¼	
Total cost of same book imported		26¼
Balance in favor of importer		33¼

In England and in many other countries public education is considered of such importance that books and the materials of which they are made are either exempted altogether from taxation or taxed at a mere nominal rate. Under the present revenue law of the United States they pay as heavy a tax as most articles of luxury. Is this in accordance with our traditional policy and the true spirit of our institutions?

Congress is prepared, it is said, to modify the Internal Revenue law where it has proved either ineffective or unduly oppressive. Is it too much to expect that among the taxes which are reduced will be those which increase the cost of books, and which threaten to flood the country with foreign publications to the exclusion of American literature?

THE HORRORS OF JAMAICA.

WHEN the first vague news of the troubles in Jamaica reached this country the "Conservative," or Tory papers, with malignant eagerness, hastened to declare that the massacres by the blacks, which they insisted were going on in that island, were but another proof of the total incapacity of the colored race for civilization, and that we might see in Jamaica what we had to expect if we treated as human beings men whom we have always despised and outraged. But now that the truth of the Jamaica massacres appears those papers are silent. Now that by the confessions of the official reports of the English authorities themselves it is impossible to calumniate the unfortunate colored race the "Conservative" press is silent. Now that it is plain that the massacres in Jamaica were the work of men of the same color as those who perpetrated the slaughter of St. Bartholomew; who worked the guillotine and supervised the September massacres and the *Noyades* of the French Revolution; who blew Sepoys from cannon and starved prisoners at Andersonville—when, in fine, it is discovered that it is the white and not the black race which is guilty of these Jamaica crimes, "Conservatism" is dumb.

The simple facts of the case we published last week, compiled from English official sources. From these it appears that there was a riot of the colored men to resist the execution of a warrant against some of their number. The military were called upon and fired into them, killing several. The infuriated rioters then closed with the soldiers, and seizing their muskets, slew some twenty of them in turn, and tore others in pieces. But Governor EYRE himself admits that women and children were respected. Only one white man was subsequently killed, and the Governor further admits that there was no attempt at extending an insurrection. But panic instantly seized the British authorities. They surrounded with a military force the settlement in which the outbreak had occurred, summoned the Maroons, a tribe of wild mountaineers, descendants of the old Spanish slaves upon the island, and advancing upon the inhabitants slaughtered them indiscriminately, and with such sickening details of horror that the Liberals of England have already appealed to the Government, and Lord RUSSELL has replied that a thorough investigation will be made.

JOHN BRIGHT plainly asserts in his late speech that Governor EYRE will yet be tried for the murder of GORDON, a mulatto Baptist preacher, who upon some suspicion was carried from his own district into one where martial law was proclaimed, and was there tried by drum-head court-martial and hung. "I fear that the fame of England," says Mr. BRIGHT, "has never received a deeper wound or a darker stain than it has from the recent transactions in that island." And GOLDWIN SMITH, in a letter to the Boston *Daily Advertiser*, writes: "As the case at present stands there is nothing whatever to prove peculiar, much less indelible, ferocity in the negro race. But the whites of the island, the English officers who have been corrupted by the blandishments of that depraved society (for it is deeply depraved), and sad to say, the Governor himself, have committed such atrocities, that if the Home Government were to fail in its duty of vindicating the character of this country, it will be time for an Englishman who cares for the honor of his nation to look out for another home."

Are such events to be lost upon us? Are we never to learn that honesty is the best policy? Have we not yet been sufficiently taught that the "instinctive antipathy" and the "natural loathing" for an "inferior race" are luxuries too costly for any people to indulge in? What was the spring of the very panic which occasioned these massacres by Englishmen but the consciousness that a part of the population has not had fair play? Our "Conservative" doctors have always shouted very lustily over the horrors of St. Domingo. But the horrors of Jamaica are quite as revolting and infinitely more unpardonable.

COPYRIGHT OF FOREIGNERS IN ENGLAND.

A CASE of peculiar interest to American authors and publishers has just been decided in England by the Lords Justices of Appeals. Miss MARIA S. CUMMINS, an American writer, the author of "The Lamplighter," resided in Canada during and at the time of the first publication by Messrs. SAMPSON LOW & Co. in London of a later work, "Haunted Hearts." Mr. ROUTLEDGE also proposed to issue the work in London, and an injunction against his publication was obtained by the Messrs. LOW. Mr. ROUTLEDGE appealed against the injunction, and it is this appeal which has been now decided.

The chief ground taken by Mr. ROUTLEDGE's counsel was that an alien in Canada would be prevented by a Canadian statute from holding copyright in Canada, and, consequently, while residing there, an alien could acquire no copyright under British law. But Lord Justice TURNER said that the question was not what were an alien's rights under the circumstances in Canada but in England; and the law left no question upon that subject. All copyright is personal property by British law; and it had been already decided that an alien friend who, by coming into a British colony becomes temporarily bound by all laws which affect all British subjects, may rightfully acquire any personal property and maintain it by action in the courts. The injunction was therefore continued, with costs to be paid by the defendant.

It is thus settled that an American or any foreign author by residing in England or in a British colony during and at the first publication of a work may acquire a copyright under British law.

P. P. C.

THE excellent Don Quixote was of opinion that if his adversary had only been what he supposed, he could have confounded him utterly. So our pleasant friend, the *Evening Post*, is very sure that if we had said what it assumed we had said, it could have made mince-meat of us in a twinkling. But owning its illusion, the Don gracefully withdraws. Naturally he says a friendly parting word for his great prototype; for a disputant who confounds the National protection of equal rights with Centralization is a true descendant of the worthy Knight who mistook an impregnable and useful mill for a monstrous giant.

FARRER'S FRUIT PIECES.

MR. FARRER's paintings of Fruit, now on exhibition at GOUPIL's Gallery, are very remarkable. The artist's name is associated with works which have occasioned a great deal of angry and contemptuous denunciation and of enthusiastic praise; but in these sketches he submits his skill to a very simple test, that of a faithful representation of the most familiar objects; and it seems to us impossible that any one who likes to see beautiful fruit can fail to delight in these exquisite portraits. Here are oranges, peaches, pears, bananas, plums, strawberries, grapes, and apples, with one gorgeous pine-apple, not of the golden hue which we usually see, but of a deep and delicious red. There are about a dozen pictures in the collection, and among them a cluster of pure and perfect white lilies—the Madonna flower. All are evidently copied closely from the models; the apples having that hard, crude look which marks the early fruit just ripened, from which we suppose these to have been painted. There are no accessories of pretty porcelain, silver plate, or baskets in these sketches. They are good as exact transcripts of the fruit, or they are good for nothing. It is all honest work. The texture, the form, the hue, the details, are conscientiously made out. The man who painted them loved his subjects and believed in his treatment, and the result is a series of masterly studies.

We hope that our readers will take the trouble to stop and see for themselves; and they can not help perceiving that an artist who shows such peculiar power of observation and handling in the treatment of fruit deserves thoughtful consideration in works of a higher and different character. For if the Pre-Raphaelite spirit and method are so truly admirable in pictures of fruit, can they be altogether false and absurd in pictures of woods and fields?

LITERARY.

"The Life of Richard Cobden," by GILCHRIST, just published by the HARPERS, is a peculiarly timely and very interesting little work. It tells the story of COBDEN and his connection with the public questions of his day in a most winning and lucid manner, and may be profitably consulted by every American; for the questions with which COBDEN was identified are those that we must presently consider. Free trade, international peace, the true principles of friendly commercial treaties, and the limitation of the hours of labor, were subjects to which the Englishman devoted his rare sagacity and ample accomplishments. The present work is necessarily a sketch, but it is vividly done and justifies the impression which the sweet and noble character of its hero had made upon all civilized nations.

MUNSELL, of Albany, will soon issue a new edition of the "Life and Times of Red Jacket," by the late WILLIAM L. STONE, with a biography of the author by his son of the same name, author of the "Life and Times of Sir William Johnson." The biography will contain many letters now first published, addressed to Mr. STONE, by some of the most distinguished men of his time, who were on intimate terms with the veteran editor. These letters are a curious and interesting contribution to the history of our late troubles, showing at how early a period the intention of actual rebellion was matured.

Mr. FREDERICK SAUNDERS's "Festival of Song," published by BUNCE & HUNTINGTON, is a collection of the most delightful poetry in the language from CHAUCER to BOKER, made by the cultivated, delicate, and sympathetic taste of a gentleman already favorably known, and superbly illustrated by the artists of the National Academy. It is one of the most truly beautiful of the Holiday books.

PRANG's various Albums and collections of colored prints of Leaves, Flowers, Scenes, and Children's Story-Books, are furnished at so very moderate a price that they may be truly called Beauty for the Million. In the brilliant bewilderment of Holiday selection he will not go wrong, and he will go very cheaply, who goes for PRANG.

In the form of a neat little pamphlet Floral Hand-Book, containing a complete dictionary of flowers, JOSEPH BURRETT & Co., of Boston, issue a convenient reminder of their "Standard Preparations." It is a "Ladies' Calendar," sure to be peculiarly prized by the youth and maidens who give and receive flowers, for it interprets their gifts.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

RECONSTRUCTION.

THE State of Alabama has been relieved of her Provisional Government. Secretary Seward, in dispatches to Provisional Governor Parsons and the Governor elect, notifies them that the President is satisfied that the time has arrived when the people of Alabama can safely be trusted to the government of officers of their own choice, and that he therefore authorizes the relinquishment of executive functions by Mr. Parsons, and the assumption of them by the new Governor.

The question of the ratification of the Constitutional Amendment abolishing slavery was brought up before the Kentucky Legislature on the 12th, but the resolution was laid over under the rules. It will be remembered that at its previous session of last winter the Legislature of that State voted against the ratification by a vote of 77 to 40. On the 14th resolutions were offered and referred to the Committee on Federal Relations, approving the action of the previous Legislature in February last, rejecting the Constitutional Amendment. The Legislature has passed a bill to allow negro testimony. Bills have also been introduced to repeal the law providing for a civil remedy for injuries done by disloyal persons; to repeal the law to punish disloyal and treasonable practices; to repeal the law requiring teachers and ministers of the Gospel to take an oath.

A telegram was received recently in Nashville, from President Johnson, in which he says, speaking of the negro testimony bill: "It is to be regretted that the Legislature has as yet taken no step indicating that public sentiment is moving in the right direction."

The Georgia Legislature has deferred the election of United States Senators, in the hope that the disabilities of Alexander H. Stephens may be removed. Joshua Hill will probably be elected a Senator. Governor Jenkins was inaugurated on the 14th inst. The tone of his address is eminently loyal, patriotic, and hopeful. He pays a tribute to the good conduct of the negroes during the war, favors their receiving the fullest civil protection, and considers that their labor, rendered willing and intelligent by just and kind treatment, is indispensable to the prosperity of the State.

The Constitutional Amendment was ratified by the State of Oregon on the 11th inst., making the twenty-ninth State that has taken similar action.

An order has been issued by the Adjutant-General of Mississippi to the captains of militia companies recently organized, directing them to disarm the negroes within the radius of their company lines. The order is said to arise from Governor Humphrey, and while it urges the abstinence of all violence in its execution, it directs the employment of "such force as shall be necessary to put down any efforts of resistance on the part of the negroes that may be made."

The State Senate of Mississippi has passed a resolution repudiating all debts, whether on account of salaries of officers, Treasury notes, bills of exchange, or otherwise, that were incurred by the State between the 9th day of January, 1861, and the 16th day of October, 1864. The Mississippi Legislature has reconsidered its vote rejecting the Constitutional Amendment, and ratified it under certain conditions and reservations. The ratification by Alabama is accompanied with the declaration that it is adopted "with the understanding that it does not confer on Congress the power to legislate upon the political status of freedmen."

CONGRESS.

December 12:

In the Senate, Mr. Morgan introduced a bill, which was referred, conveying to certain persons the right to lay a telegraph between the United States and the West Indies. Mr. Davis introduced a resolution, also referred, declaring the writ of *habeas corpus* restored in every State.—Mr. Anthony called up the House resolution for the appointment of a joint committee on the subject of the lately rebellious States, and moved certain amendments thereto, which, together with the resolution thus amended, were adopted.

In the House, Mr. Raymond presented the credentials of Tennessee members, which, after a brief debate, were, on Mr. Raymond's motion, referred to the Select Committee by 126 yeas to 41 nays. A resolution giving the members the privilege of the floor, pending the decision of their case, was tabled by a vote of 90 to 63. Subsequently a resolution was adopted inviting them to take seats in the hall of the House of Representatives.

December 13:

In the Senate, a resolution was referred to pay the late Senator Collamer's salary to his widow.—Mr. Sumner's resolution to find out the employés in the Treasury and War departments who have not taken the oath of loyalty was passed.

In the House, General Schenck offered a joint resolution asking a suspension of orders for mustering out the officers of the Veteran Reserve Corps, which was passed.—A bill was referred to provide for the sale of Government mineral lands.—A resolution was referred authorizing the entry for consumption of goods in bond on payment of the respective rates of duty.—On motion of Mr. Stevens the House took up the resolution providing for a joint committee to examine into the condition of the late so-called Confederate States, as returned from the Senate with amendments, which were concurred in by the House.—A bill was referred to extend the benefits of the Bounty Act of March 3, 1865, to all who served honorably in the late war.—The Judiciary Committee were instructed to report what compensation ought to be given for property in revolted States destroyed by our armies.

December 14:

In the Senate, a good portion of the day was occupied in the delivery of tributes of respect to the memory of the late Senator Collamer, of Vermont. Glowing eulogies upon his character and abilities were pronounced by Senators Foot, Harris, Johnson, Fessenden, and others. Resolutions of respect, introduced by Mr. Foot, of Vermont, were passed unanimously.—The Senate adjourned till the 18th.

In the House, several changes in committees were announced by the Speaker.—A resolution was adopted to adjourn (the Senate concurring) from December 20 to January 9.—A bill was passed appropriating $30,000, or so much as may be necessary, to furnish and repair the President's house.—A bill was also passed appropriating $15,440,000 for the payment of invalid and other pensioners.—A bill was reported, and referred to the Committee on the Whole, making appropriations for the support of the West Point Academy for the year ending June 30, 1867.—A bill was introduced and referred, providing that the Albany bridge over the Hudson shall be a highway for the purposes authorized by the New York Legislature, and may be used as a postal route of the United States.—A resolution was adopted to print 20,000 copies of General Grant's report.—A resolution was offered and passed declaring that treason against the United States Government is a crime and ought to be punished.—Eulogies on the late Senator Collamer, of Vermont, were pronounced by several gentlemen, after which the House adjourned till the 18th.

December 18:

In the Senate, a petition of Vice-Admiral Farragut and 1100 other naval officers for increase of pay was referred.—The House bill, appropriating $30,000 to refit the White House, was passed.—The joint committee appointed to devise proper testimonial proceedings in memory of President Lincoln made a report, which was agreed to, providing for a eulogy on the virtues of the deceased by Secretary Stanton, to be delivered before the two Houses on the 12th day of February next, the anniversary of the late President's birthday.—A resolution was adopted appropriating $500,000 for the relief of destitute Indians.

In the House, the credentials of Mr. J. M. Johnson, from Arkansas, were presented and referred to the Select Committee. To the same Committee were referred resolutions providing that no lately rebellious State shall be entitled to representation in Congress until its Legislature shall have repudiated the rebel war debt and all claims for slaves emancipated; declaring that the representatives should be admitted from those of them that have ratified the anti-slavery constitutional amendment, repudiated the rebel debt, passed laws for the protection of the freedmen, and complied with other requirements of President Johnson, and enunciating the theory that class rule should not hereafter be recognized by law, but that all should receive equal protection, without regard to social position or race. Mr. Thornton, of Illinois, offered a preamble and resolutions setting forth that any extension of the elective franchise by either the President or Congress would be an unwarranted assumption, which were tabled by a vote of 111 to 46.—A resolution was adopted requesting information of the President relative to the steps taken by Maximilian and his friends to obtain his recognition by our Government as Emperor of Mexico.—The House concurred with the Senate arrangements for the eulogy of President Lincoln, and a bill was passed appropriating $25,000 to Mrs. Lincoln.—A resolution indorsing the views of the Secretary of the Treasury in regard to a contraction of the currency was adopted by a vote of 144 to 6.—The House then went into Committee of the Whole on the President's Message, and the remainder of the session was occupied in a speech on reconstruction by Mr. Thaddeus Stevens.

NEWS ITEMS.

On the 12th inst. Brevet Brigadier-General Morris, of the regular army, Commander of Fort M'Henry, died at Baltimore, aged about sixty years.

The depredations of guerrillas, or rather highway robbers, as they certainly are, still continue in Tennessee. The town of Lavergne was actually seized by these desperadoes, but was saved from complete pillage and destruction by the military.

A Georgia letter-writer says that, "for one Northern man coming into the Carolinas to live, there are at least twenty coming into Georgia. It is plain fact, and no exaggeration, to say that there are hundreds of such men locating in Northern and Western Georgia."

Hon. Phillip Allen, formerly Governor of Rhode Island, and afterward United States Senator, died on the 11th inst., at his residence in Providence.

Hon. Thomas Corwin, of Ohio, who was attacked with paralysis on the 15th inst., died on the 18th in Washington, aged seventy years.

FOREIGN NEWS.

MR. BRIGHT recently made a speech at Blackburn, urging reform measures upon the new Administration and strongly denouncing Governor Eyre of Jamaica. Great excitement prevailed on account of the escape from Richmond prison of the Fenian Head Centre Stephens. It was suspected that the officers of the prison were responsible for his escape, and the Governor was suspended. A fellow-conspirator of Stephens has been condemned to twenty years of penal servitude.

Twenty thousand British troops were stationed in Ireland, and, as an additional precaution, the Channel fleet had been ordered to winter off the coast.

A special commission has been ordered to inquire into the Jamaica atrocities.

The text of the circular of the Spanish Minister for foreign affairs on the Chilean question is published. It is a lengthy document, and tends to justify the position of Spain. The operations against Chilean ports are not to be suspended, as heretofore announced, and the war is to continue.

A citizen of New Orleans, recently from Matamoras, reports that the French officers consider a war between the United States and France, on account of the Mexican question, as imminent, and that the Rio Grande Valley will be the opening battle-ground. They profess to have already mapped out their first military operations.

Leopold I., King of Belgium, died in Brussels on the 9th instant, in his seventy-fifth year.

We learn from South America that the allied troops were still being pushed forward after the retreating Paraguayans, though the complete devastation of the abandoned country by the latter, and a violent storm and consequent rise of the rivers greatly retarded the pursuit. The Brazilian fleet had proceeded up the Parana River as far as Bella Vista.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.—[SKETCHED AND DRAWN BY S. EYTINGE.]

THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE.

Outside the walls on the eastern side, near the Gate of St. Stephen, a fine view may be seen of this beautiful Garden, the most highly cultivated piece of ground about the Holy City. From this stand-point one can see down into it, with its dark olive foliage in agreeable contrast to the whitish gray of the surrounding rocks.

The Garden consists of about half an acre, nearly square, and surrounded by a high wall. The entrance, like most inclosures or buildings outside the protecting walls of Jerusalem, is guarded by a low doorway and massive iron door.

After loud and repeated knockings the door is slowly opened by a Franciscan monk, the guardian and gardener of the place, who is called Angelo.

This monk gardener is as surly as a mastiff on first acquaintance; but in time, as one sees more of him, he thaws out, and becomes more or less communicative.

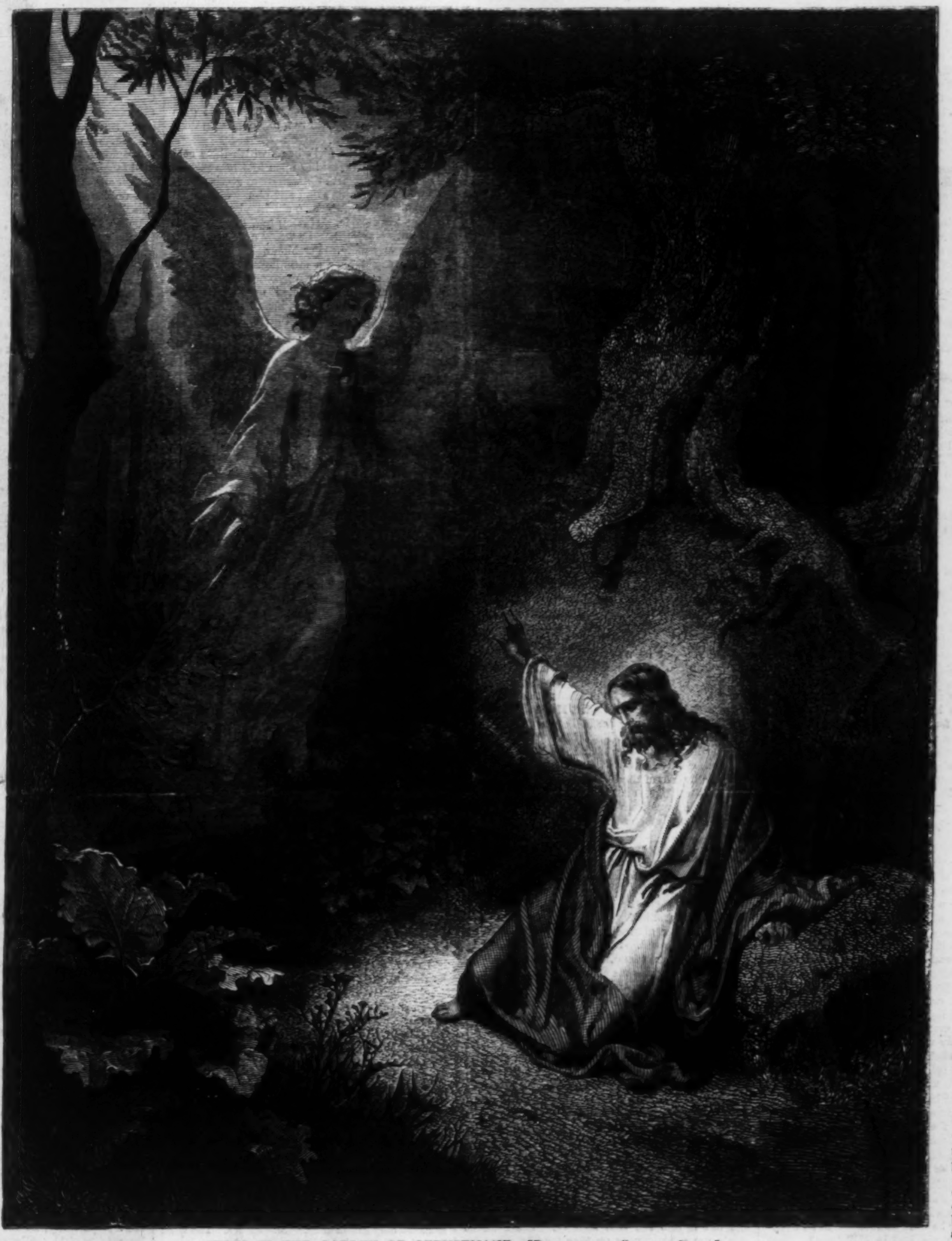
The Garden contains eight aged olive trees, which form the oldest group of trees in the Valley of Jehoshaphat, along the foot of the mountain. The wall which surrounds these trees was built a few years ago, to prevent the enthusiastic pilgrims from destroying them in cutting and carrying away souvenirs.—One old tree, which stands to the south of the Garden, that was not included within the wall, next began to be mutilated, when the Franciscans also encircled a protecting wall about its aged limbs.

These trees are unquestionably of the highest antiquity, and are hollow, and seldom bear fruit, on account of their great age.—Their hollow trunks are filled up with stones, to make them strong against the high winds of winter, and the roots are also terraced about with stones. At long intervals, when these trees bear, the olives are carefully gathered and pressed by the Franciscan monks, and the oil thus obtained is presented to distinguished sons of the church in Europe. Doubtless the roots of one of these trees were once watered with the tears of Jesus, during that night of "agony and bloody sweat," when he prayed for the last time upon this ungrateful earth—when in deep submission to the grand plan of redemption He said, "O my Father, if this cup may not pass away from me except I drink it, Thy will be done!"

As I sat upon a stone under one of the trees I recalled to memory the scene of that terrible night. My Latin friend, who had accompanied me in several of my walks, stood near me, and pointed to the opposite bank of the Kedron. "See," said he, "that path winding down from the Gate of St. Stephen. It was by that path the Master descended with His disciples, after breaking bread and singing a hymn with them in the upper room on Mount Zion. Near that brook He said to them, 'Sit ye here, while I go and pray yonder.' 'And He took with Him Peter and the two sons of Zebedee, and began to be sorrowful and very heavy.' On that ledge of rock lay the drowsy disciples, who could not watch with Him in His agony for one short hour, although twice aroused by the suffering Master, and where, at last, knowing that His hour was come, He told them to sleep on and take their rest. It was there He told His wondering followers that the betrayer approached. Then appeared the light of torches through these olive branches, and here they heard the clamor of the multitude as they approached with staves and swords—the emissaries of the chief priests and elders of the people. And these silent trees were the witnesses of the awful treason of that night, when the professed friend and follower betrayed Him with a kiss, and of His divine forbearance when He calmly said unto His betrayer, 'Friend, wherefore art thou come?' It was here the indignant Peter, spurred by the foul proceedings against his Master, drew his sword and struck the servant of the high-priest. Here that Jesus, with a divine forgetfulness of self, said to His zealous disciple, 'Put up again thy sword into its place, for all they that take the sword shall perish by the sword;' here that, with lamb-like submission, He gave Himself up, and addressed a reproach to the multitude who came upon Him, armed with staves and swords, as if He were a malefactor; it was here—oh, shameful to relate—that in that dark hour His disciples fled and left Him alone in the hands of the hardened multitude!"

I unconsciously resumed, in my own mind, the thread of what he had been saying, and I saw the dark figures of the fleeing disciples vanishing in the shades of night, and the armed multitude emerging from the grove of olive trees, with the lurid glare of their torches flashing upon that face of resignation of the central figure, and the frowning visages of the agents of the chief priests and elders, by whom he was surrounded. I could see the rays of light flickering through the foliage, and glancing athwart the gnarled trunks and branches, and the shadowy forms of the people in the back-ground. I could follow the abandoned Jesus, accompanied by the noisy multitude, across the brook and up the winding path to the gate of that ungrateful city over which He had wept, and I could discern the figure of Peter gliding along in the dark behind.

The angels in heaven must have wept that night at the inhumanity of man toward his Saviour! Sympathy there must have been in that celestial world—on earth there was none!



JESUS IN THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE.—[Designed by Gustave Doré.]

BY THE CHRISTMAS HEARTH.

To-day at home beside the hearth,
 Warm with the ruddy embers' glow,
We keep our Christmas, so unlike
 The Christmas of a year ago,
When in the camp at earliest dawn
 The grimy-throated cannon woke
Our slumbers, and within the east
 The golden light of morning broke.

Ah! then the smoke of battle hung
 Its sulphurous cloud our land above,
And bitter feud and hatred filled
 Brave hearts that should have warmed with love;
But now at home beside the hearth
 We keep the day with song and cheer,
While from each spire the Christmas bells
 Ring out with voices sweet and clear.

Bring holly, rich with berries red,
 And bring the sacred mistletoe;
Fill high each glass, and let our hearts
 With kindliest feelings overflow;
So sweet it seems at home once more
 To sit with those we hold most dear,
And after absence once again
 To keep the merry Christmas here.

This day the Prince of Peace was born,
 When hope first dawned upon the earth;
To-day with fervent hymns of praise
 We celebrate His wondrous birth,
Who set the bonds of death aside,
 And triumphed o'er the voiceless grave—
The risen Christ, God's holy Son,
 Who died a ruined world to save.

THE TOY-SELLER'S CHRISTMAS.

You would hardly fancy that selling Christmas gifts was an occupation to breed melancholy, and yet Simeon Golding had found it so. Ever since the rush began to buy presents he had grown more and more sad; until, when the 24th of December came, and all the world was out buying things for the morrow, he felt a desperate impulse to leave his shop to take care of itself, and go away somewhere, any where, to get out of the sight and sound of all this gladness in which he had no share. You would never have taken Simeon Golding for a man of sentiment—nobody thought that of him of all the people who had bought holiday presents for ten years in his gay little shop on Broadway. If people thought of him at all, it was as an honest, dull fellow, an obliging shopman, who minded his own business, and was pretty sure to have on hand just what any one wanted—sure, also, not to forget orders or disappoint customers. If you had told them that he was an old bachelor, very likely they would have smiled, and said, "I thought as much. His whole mind is in his business, you see. That's what makes him so careful and punctual.—It's the best toy-shop in the city."

But for a man whose whole mind was in his business this mood of Simeon's was a strange one. He scarcely knew himself how it had grown on him so overmasteringly. He had always felt something of it at holiday time—just a sense of lonesomeness. It made him remember, you know, how solitary *he* was when he saw so many surprises prepared—so many tokens of thought and care for wives, and children, and husbands, and lovers—and remembered that for him no Christmas gifts would wait. No gentle woman's voice would wish him "Merry Christmas!" no clamorous children would throng round him with their noisy pleasure. But hitherto it had all ended as it had begun in this vague lonesomeness; the mood had never overpowered him as it had done this year, making him for the first time almost unequal to the demands upon him, and humiliating him in the eyes of his assistants, whom he had held in awe hitherto by his superior capacity and readiness. Is it, I wonder, that we feel the presence of Fate long before she stands beside us—that vague hints of coming events are in the air, and the strange restlessness for which we can not account is the stirring of the soul at some presence felt ere yet it is seen?

Simeon Golding was past forty. Far back in the morning land of youth lay all his old dreams, and hopes, and loves. It was strange how near they had seemed to him this year since the preparations for Christmas commenced. He needed only to close his eyes on city sights, his ears on city sounds, to feel himself a boy once more. He lived all those early years over again—years in which he was the one joy and hope in life to his widowed mother. *Then* some one cared for him. *Then* no Christmas went by without its gifts. He remembered how the very thing he wanted was sure to come; and how he used to earn money by stealth to be able to give *her* some token of merry Christmas. He saw her, looking back, so plainly—that gentle woman to whom sorrow, patiently borne, had taught lessons of sainthood—saw her sitting by the fire with pale, placid face, and hair where grief, not years, had sown threads of silver; but yet, in spite of all, with a smile always bright for him, and a heart young enough and cheery enough always to joy in his joy. Oh! what would he give now for

one of those well-remembered smiles, one touch of that gentle hand! He had been nearly twenty-five years old when she died; but just as much his mother's boy as the day his father had left him to her keeping. He wondered to feel the tears filling his eyes—eyes that wept so seldom—as the memory of that great loss swept over him: the still, still face; the dear, stirless lips that would never smile more; the hands folded dumbly on the breast, like a saint's in some trance of prayer; and then the open grave, the lowered coffin, and the earth dropping on it solemnly, with the pale November sunshine overhead, and the dead leaves soaked with moisture at his feet.

It was in the dark days which followed that the sun of his life arose, and he loved with the one pure and perfect passion of which his being was capable—the ripe fruit of his whole manhood. He remembered how he had seen *her* first—that girl so bright and so bonny! He recalled her dark eyes, which seemed kindled sometimes by an interior light, like the flame which glows through the heart of an opal; which at other times were full of a brooding melancholy that stirred his heart even more than their brightness. He remembered the clear, dark complexion, with its rich, glowing coloring; the heavy-falling black hair; the bright, wayward face, with its full, pouting lips, and its expression self-willed, yet wonderfully beguiling. How well he had loved her, without one thought whether she could return it or not. Looking back, he did not wonder at this love; nor was he sorry for it—all in vain as it had proved. She had rejected his suit, not unkindly, but with an air and manner which made him feel how utterly impossible it was that she could care for him. And then he had gone away from the little country village, and had never gone back since, not even to look at his mother's grave. What need, when she was buried in his heart, and all her truth and tenderness commemorated there as on a monument?

He had never heard about *her* any more—that bright enchantress of his young manhood! He had never cared to hear. If she loved and married some one else afterward he did not want to know it; and perhaps this was why he had kept away from Hillsboro. Five years he had served in another man's toy-shop, and then he had opened this one of his own: where, as the phrase goes, he had done well. And now he was past forty, and all alone, and Christmas was coming on.

He had never cared for any woman since that dark, bright vision had dawned, star-like, in his sky, and set again for him forever. Nor was this from any high-flown notions of constancy or sentiment. He had not resolved never to love again—or, indeed, speculated about it at all. Simply, he was just one of those men whose nature never blossoms but once. So he looked forward to nothing—nothing, that is, beyond his present life. He had looked at himself in the glass that morning, and noted how strong and tough of fibre he was—noted the plain, rugged outlines of face and figure—and thought resignedly that he was good for at least twenty years more of hard work. He would make all the money he could, and then; when he died, give it to some one who needed it, whom it would make happier, and who would therefore think of his memory sometimes with tender gratitude. Who this some one should be he did not know, but he would find out by-and-by. You see he was not a man of expanded benevolence, this toy-seller. He never made any large schemes. His money would not go to missions, or tract societies, or hospitals. He dealt in small things always, and he just wanted to raise himself a monument in some one grateful heart. And the day went on, the strange restlessness he could not shake off overpowered him, and the burden of his solitary life pressed upon him more heavily, and it was afternoon.

He was standing behind the counter, idle for a moment, though there was no lack of customers in the shop on whom the rest were waiting. He had forgotten where he was until a voice recalled him.

"If you please, Sir, is there any thing pretty which I could buy for a quarter of a dollar?"

There was something in the voice which sounded to him like an echo of his dreams. He looked at the speaker in a bewildered way, as if he were not quite sure whether he were awake. Was he twenty-five years old again and in Hillsboro? Here were the dark, slumbrous eyes, the heavy-falling hair, the rich tints of cheek and lip that had lived all these years in his memory. But the figure was smaller. This girl at his counter was twelve, perhaps, and the simplicity of childhood was in her look. Still he had almost called her, before he thought, by the name of that early vision, the spell of the past was so strong upon him. She repeated her timid question, and he bent toward her then, fully in possession of his faculties, alert to the demands of the occasion.

"Is it for yourself?" he asked.

"No, for my mother. She is very ill, and we have so little money that I can spend but this, which is my own. I want so to make her a Christmas present. Is there any thing that I can buy?"

He laid before her some trifles, each one worth several times her quarter, but small and simple enough to convey to an undiscriminating child the idea of cheapness.

"Any of these you can buy," he said, kindly.

She selected a tiny Parian vase, just large enough for a single rose-bud, and gave him her piece of currency. He wrapped up the vase lingeringly in a soft paper. How could he lose sight of her, he thought, so like as she was to *her*? Then, too, perhaps he could help her. He gathered courage from the exigency of the situation.

"Did you say your mother was ill?" he asked.

"Very ill, Sir!"

"You have other friends, of course?" And then, seeing the surprised look on her face, he explained, "Don't think I'm curious or impertinent, only you are so like a very dear friend I had once that I can not bear to part with you if there is any chance, the least chance, that I could do any thing—for that old friend's sake, you know—to make your Christmas any happier."

When he had said this he paused, frightened at the impulsiveness which he found in himself still, this man of forty. The girl had an unusual amount of penetration for her years. She flashed a searching glance at him, and made up her mind that he was an honest and a good man, who meant just what he said—no less, no more.

"We have no friends," she said, slowly, "except the doctor, who comes to see my mother, and is very kind. My father came to New York a year ago, to get into business, and died soon after. We have lived since partly on the money he left us, and partly on what my mother earned by embroidery. But now, for several weeks, she has been too ill to work."

"Then may I come to see her? There might be some way in which I could help you, and I *wish* I could, for the sake of that dear friend who was so like you."

"Thank you, Sir. I know my mother will be glad to see you. You will find us at No. 11 Carmine Street. My mother is Mrs. Reynolds."

"I will come this evening," he said, as he handed her the little vase. "I will not be later than I can help; but to-day, you know, we are very busy."

She smiled with a bright smile, Marian Varick's own smile, and went out. He stood a moment wondering at himself. What connection was there likely to be between this unknown Mrs. Reynolds and the Marian Varick to whom he had bidden good-by fifteen years ago, in that little New Hampshire town? And yet those eyes and that hair—were there many such faces in this world? He did not feel so solitary any more. He had an interest now; he too. He began to serve customers briskly, with his old, cheery manner.

But at seven o'clock he left the shop. Never had he done such a thing before since he first commenced business as to leave his shop to his subordinates on the night before Christmas. But, careful man as he was, he felt urged on by some power apart from himself so that he could not wait for the lagging hours. He arranged matters as well as he could, thankful that people whom he could trust were about him—went home for a hurried supper, a hurried adjustment of linen and neck-tie, and then took his way across the city. Twice he stopped, once at a bookseller's, where he bought an elegant volume—for he was too delicate, this sandy-haired, dull-looking man, whom no one suspected of delicacy, to make gifts out of his own shop—and once at a florist's, where he purchased the most exquisite rose-bud he could find. He stood in Carmine Street at last, rung the bell at the door of No. 11, and inquired for Mrs. Reynolds.

"Two flights up—the back room," the woman answered, civilly; and he went up the stairs.

Before the door of the room he paused a moment, with that strange, overmastering feeling which comes to one sometimes in the great crises of life. He could scarcely breathe. He did not know *what* he expected, but he felt Fate at his side leading him on. He knocked at the door at last, and the girl whom he had seen at his shop opened it. Standing there on the threshold he saw one sight only—a woman's face on the pillows—a face with crimson flushes on the olive cheeks, with great, dark, sad eyes and heavy-falling hair—Marian Varick's own. Her glance met his, and the color in her cheeks deepened. She spoke first.

"Are you the friend, Simeon Golding, whom God has raised up for me at my sore need? Have you forgiven me the pain I caused you once?"

"There was no need to forgive you, Marian," the man said, humbly—"no need. I was glad to have known what love was, even though it was all in vain. I have never loved any one since, and I thank God that He has brought me to you at last."

"It is indeed at last," she said, "for I am counting my life now by hours. The doctor said so this afternoon, while she, poor child, was gone out;" and her fond eyes rested on the girl at her bed's foot. "She knows it now, and she is trying to be calm and strong for my sake."

The toy-seller glanced at the stand beside the bed, and saw the little white vase on it. She had not dared keep it till the morrow, poor child, lest morrow for her mother there should be none. He took his rose-bud from its soft cotton wrappings and put it into the vase silently. The book he would not offer—it was no time for Christmas tokens other than flowers, such as one might fancy would bloom in another world as well as in this. Mrs. Reynolds looked at the rose with eyes that had loved and rejoiced in beauty all her life long.

"It was so good of you to fetch it," she said. "It makes me think of Hillsboro. You used always to bring me roses there, you know."

Yes, he knew; but to him, seeing her so changed, it seemed ages since then. She understood his faraway look.

"Yes, it was long since," she answered to his thought. "I have loved since then, and I have lost, and now I am going home."

He wondered to see her so calm—to see the child so calm also—to be so calm himself, when the only woman he had ever loved lay dying. It was God's peace, he thought, resting on the scene, hushing their three hearts.

"Has your child any friends?" he asked, after a while.

"Only you."

"Then there is no one to whom I need give her up. Think, if you could have loved me she might have been mine. Will you give her to me now? It will make amends for all losses. I am able to care for her. I will be faithful to your trust."

"Yes, yours was always a faithful soul," she murmured. "Marian, child, will you go with Mr. Golding when I am gone?"

For a moment a great sob strangled the girl's utterance, but she conquered it bravely, and answered to the entreaty in her mother's eyes:

"Yes, mother."

"Go with him, dear, and be as good a child to him as you have been to me. Let him never be lonely in the world any more."

"Yes, mother."

Then they were all silent, and the moments went on so fast, so fast!

The hours passed from nine o'clock till midnight. Now and then the mother spoke some word of fond, lingering love to her child, or of gratitude to her other watcher; but, for the most part, all was still. At last they heard the clock in a neighboring belfry strike, and the dying woman counted the twelve strokes. A smile flitted like the ghost of her old brightness across her face.

"See!" she said, "it is Christmas, and I give you my Christmas gift. From to-day Marian shall be your daughter."

He took in his the girl's hand, which those cold fingers placed there, taking upon him, so a solemn vow. From henceforth the welfare of Marian Reynolds would be his life's end and aim. She would be to him in place of the own children he was never to see at his fireside. Having her, he would not miss them. Having her, he would never be lonely or solitary any more. For him, as for other men, Christmas would have a meaning. There would be one for him to make happy—one for whom to toil, and save, and live, ay, die if need were—for it meant all this to that faithful, honest soul when he took his adopted child, his Christmas gift, from Marian Varick's dying hand.

At last the night wore toward the morning. The keen, penetrating cold which just precedes the dawn chilled them. A faint pink began to flush the sky. The mother looked up, with the crimson dying on her cheeks, the light fading from her eyes, and whispered to her child:

"To-day I shall keep my Christmas with your father in the land of the angels. Good-by, my darling!" Then she looked into Simeon Golding's eyes, and said with tones so low that he had to bend very near to catch them—"My friend, you have been faithful unto death."

And then the dawn light came in—"the morn of the Nativity had just begun to break."

Mr. Golding rose and put out the night lamp. When he came back to the bedside he saw the eyes from which the soul no longer looked, the hands falling dumbly, and knew that Marian Varick, in the hush of the Christmas dawning, had gone home, and for her the Heavenly morning "had just begun to break."

THE LESSON OF SANTA CLAUS.

A MOODY man was Mr. Acidger Krabb, and a discontented. Stocks in which he had placed both reliance and money had depreciated; taxes were increased; business was almost at a stand-still; creditors were pressing, and debtors procrastinating; altogether, Mr. Krabb was, or considered himself, an ill-used and persecuted man. To be sure, he still had an income adequate to the support of his family in a luxurious style; but was not that income liable to an onerous Internal Revenue percentage? He owned sundry lots in desirable situations, whose value had more than quadrupled within a few years; but then, did not the rise of real estate entail a proportionate increment of assessments?

A moody man, then, was Mr. Acidger Krabb, and a discontented; and more moody and discontented than was his wont he sat, one Christmas-eve, before his library fire, brooding over his grievances and mesmerizing his melancholy, so to speak, into vivid "rapport" with himself. The fire burned with a dull glow, as if entering a sullen protest against burning at all in such companionship, and divers sulky silhouettes of coal flatly refused to ignite, and obtruded themselves from between the grate-bars in mute but forcible objurgation. The shadows from the furniture gave up their flickering holiday dance and ranged themselves around the walls like grim black sentinels, standing guard against the approach of cheerfulness; and spiteful little impish draughts flitted in at the crevices of the doors and windows, and sought the vulnerable places in Mr. Krabb's raiment, and crawled down the back of his neck, and climbed up the legs of his trowsers, and insinuated themselves into his coat-sleeves, while their parent wind raged outside as of too great bulk to enter bodily.

To him the fire showed no bright pictures of Christmas merriment, no shifting panorama of Christmas firesides in many homes; for him the shadows only gloomed like pall-bearers. The wind brought him no glad tidings of great joy, such like as Christmas winds have loved to bring since that day whereon the Child was born, whose mission was Love and Charity—peace on earth and good-will toward men. His ears heard not the jovial hum with which that wind enlivened many another hearth that Christmas-eve, bearing its part in the family chorus of happy voices, or trolling forth its own lusty song of holiday cheer; but only its harsher tones of reproof for his churlishness as it circled about his darkened house, seeking in vain for some congenial chord which might vibrate in harmony with its robust carol.

It was just past eleven o'clock; but his two children had been sent to bed some hours before with a snappish reprimand for the indecorous hilarity wherewith they were inclined to hail the approaching advent of Santa Claus, whose culture Mr. Krabb opposed, and whose very existence he disrespectfully denied.

"Stop your infernal racket, you little torments!" he had said, "and be off to bed! It's high time you got over all that babyish nonsense about Santa Claus, and learned to be grateful to your parents for the presents you receive."

So the children had gone to bed, and Mrs. Krabb, good soul, had followed to smooth their little pillows, and cheer their hearts with soothing stories of Santa Claus, the patron of all good boys and girls, and of the wondrous things he brought to delight those who had behaved well during the year; with many other marvelous legends of Christmas-time concerning benevolent fairies and good-natured goblins, who conferred all sorts of happiness on good children and meted out inexorable poetical justice to their oppressors.

Hence it was that on Christmas-eve, of all the nights in the year, Mr. Acidger Krabb was sitting alone before his library fire, a moody man and a discontented. Discontented with the world, discontented with his fortune, and, worse than all, discontented with himself. He felt that others, whose lot in life was harder than his own, had something in their hearts that night which brightened lowly chambers, and seasoned humble fare, and shed a happy radiance around the family circle of all who had a home; while he, repellent of affection, was left in desolate solitude, more marked by contrast with the universal conviviality of the season. Snatches of mirthful songs from passing merry-makers were borne upward to his windows by the reproachful wind, and ever and anon a burst of glad laughter from some neighboring house broke for a moment the ghastly silence of the apartment, and reminded him that of all about him he only was ill-humored and miserable. Now, like most people who have nobody but themselves to blame for their condition, the more Mr. Krabb pondered upon the difference between himself and others, the more soured against humanity at large did he become, until at last his misanthropic musings assumed such a tremendous range that they fairly overpowered him, and he fell into a troubled doze.

He was awakened by the clock striking, and starting from his sleep with a shiver, he counted the pulsations of the hour: twelve o'clock! As the last stroke of midnight sounded the smouldering fire burst into a bright blaze; and then a rushing sound as of many trampling feet and murmuring voices was heard, and a sudden gust of wind came down the chimney, filling the room with clouds of pungent smoke that made Mr. Krabb's eyes water and totally obscured the fire-place.

When the smoke had dispersed and Mr. Krabb's eyes had resumed their power of vision, he perceived, standing on the hearth-rug, a quaint, jolly-looking little old gentleman, scarce four feet in height, with twinkling black eyes, a wrinkled but ruddy face, and snow-white hair and beard that reached to his middle. This singular figure was attired in fur-trimmed garments of antiquated fashion, fur boots, and a fur cap with lappets covering his ears. On his back was a pannier filled with toys and sugar-plums, and both arms were laden with similar nicknacks for juvenile delectation.

"Your servant, Sir," said the visitor, with a pleasant smile, as he shook the snow-flakes from his skirts into the fire, which only sputtered and blazed more merrily for the procedure.

Now we all know that persons who are cross-grained by nature are none the less so when first wakened from a nap; and Mr. Krabb was no exception to the general rule; so, in response to the little old gentleman's courteous salutation, he only snarled:

"And pray, Sir, who the deuce may you be, who intrude so unceremoniously at the dead of night into people's houses?"

"My dear Sir," rejoined the visitor, "I hoped you would have recognized me. I am Saint Nicholas, more commonly known, perhaps, as Santa Claus, the tutelar guardian of this good city, and of all the young folk it contains; and no mortal has hitherto dreamed of disputing my right of entrance to every house on this blessed anniversary. I wish you a merry Christmas, Mr. Krabb!"

"Stuff and nonsense, Sir!" growled Mr. Krabb. "What are your anniversaries to me? Merry Christmas indeed! with every thing going to rack and ruin! Stagnation in business—expenses of living doubled—taxes amounting almost to confiscation—corruption and plunder every where—I'd like to know where you find ground for merriment in all that, Sir!"

"Krabb," said the Saint, "you're an acrimonious old humbug!"

"What!" ejaculated Mr. Krabb, getting very red in the face, "do you dare—"

"An acrimonious old humbug!" repeated Santa Claus, calmly. "Here you are, surrounded by every thing that should make a reasonable man contented and cheerful, with a wife whose sole object in life is to consult and minister to your comfort, and two children blessed with good health and good dispositions, and yet you have the audacity to complain of your position! Krabb, I'm ashamed of you!"

"But, Sir," apostrophized Mr. Krabb—somewhat more respectfully, for the Saint's manner was very impressive—"I really consider that the present condition of affairs—the great uncertainty attaching to all financial operations—should receive the serious deliberation of all intelligent men; that the imminence of an appalling commercial crisis furnishes cause rather for depression than elation; that—in short, Sir, I am at a loss to appreciate the meaning of a 'Merry Christmas' at such a time."

"Not know what Merry Christmas means?" cried Saint Nicholas; "I'll tell you, Krabb. It means that more than eighteen hundred years ago we were all made members of one common family by Heaven's good grace; and that our gratitude for for that great boon is humbly shown by our efforts to render those about us happy on the anniversary of that event. It means that the ties of family affection should be strengthened—feuds forgiven and forgotten—a kindly spirit of universal brotherhood encouraged. It means the assemblage of pleasant faces and light hearts around the Christmas board. It means that at such times, of all the year, thankfulness to God should inspire our thoughts, and love for fellow-man our actions. All this, and more than this, is meant by Merry Christmas."

All the while the Saint was talking the fire had been burning more and more brightly until the flames leaped up exultingly and cast a rosy glow upon the sombre furniture, and were reflected in myriad sparkles from the picture-frames: the shadows relaxed their immobility and nodded to each other as who should say, "Come, now, this is somewhat livelier!" The mischievous draughts that had so reveled in the chill gloom, exorcised by the altered aspect of the room, fled incontinently up the chimney; and the wind outside, changing its angry howl to a hoarse cheer of triumph, scampered in haste through streets and alley-ways and around corners, to look in at other households and take part in other Christmas scenes.

Mr. Krabb was conscious of the change that had

taken place about him—was conscious, moreover, of a change operating within himself; but he was a man too firmly set in his ways to yield without a struggle: so after a pause he turned to Saint Nicholas with an air of remonstrance and said:

"All this may be very true, your Reverence; but if a man be oppressed by business cares—if diversity of character and pursuits have estranged him from those family associations on which you lay such stress—if his experience have justified him in forming an unfavorable estimate of mankind—if, in a word, years of anxious struggling against an unfeeling world have hardened his disposition—how can he of a sudden throw off the habits of a lifetime and assume the sentiments you would inculcate?"

"By casting aside his overriding selfishness and thinking of others; by dwelling rather upon the blessings he enjoys than any fancied causes for repining; by prayerful earnestness of effort to open a Bank of Good-fellowship *here*," replied the Saint, laying his hand on Mr. Krabb's heart.

At the instant of the Saint's touch Mr. Krabb felt a quick and unusual warmth within his breast, which gradually spread a genial glow over every portion of his frame, and tingled to the very tips of his shriveled fingers, and it was with an almost penitential accent that he said:

"Upon my word, Sir, I believe you're right."

"Believe it?" said Santa Claus. "I know it! and so will you if you will but try the experiment. Think what a lucky fellow you are, Krabb. Think"—and here the good Saint's voice trembled—"of the destitute and homeless this winter night. Think of the hearths made desolate by death; of ruined homesteads and extinguished fires, and be grateful that no great evil has befallen you or yours, and that it has pleased Heaven to intrust you with the means of lightening the burdens of some at least of your fellow-creatures."

"But, Sir," expostulated Mr. Krabb, "in uncertain times like these, is not a man's first duty to his family? It is all very well to talk of lightening other's burdens, but you know the proverb says that 'charity begins at home,' and if one were to listen to all the appeals—"

"Hold your tongue, Krabb!" interrupted the Saint, somewhat irritably, "at Christmas time we want no musty proverbs to excuse our egotism; but loving impulses direct from the heart. I have no time to waste in further discussion, but, before I go, I wish to show you a few pictures, for which I crave your careful attention." So saying, he waved his hand toward the large mirror which surmounted the mantle-piece.

All at once the fire sank to a faint blue light, and emitted dense wreaths of smoke which veiled the surface of the glass. When these were cleared away, Mr. Krabb beheld a cheerless attic, devoid of furniture, and offering, through broken window-panes and crannied roof, free entrance to the cutting blast. Three shivering children were huddled together on the bare floor in one corner, and near them crouched a haggard, weary looking woman, engaged by the dim light of one poor candle, upon some coarse piece of needle-work. At frequent intervals she breathed upon her benumbed fingers, or held them over the candle's flame to revive their sense of touch; and now and again she turned her glance upon the trembling little ones, and her breast heaved with a sobbing sigh, and tears coursed down her pinched and hollow cheeks and fell upon her work.

"A soldier's widow, Krabb," whispered the Saint. "Her husband was killed in battle about a year ago; but the three years of his enlistment had expired a week or so before his death, and the procrastinating red-tapery of our grateful Republic leaves her to starve."

While Mr. Krabb listened and gazed upon the picture the spot where Saint Nicholas had touched him began to burn with more intensity; and as its warmth increased he saw the door of the wretched room open and another figure appear upon the scene. This figure—the exact counterpart of himself, save in a certain indescribable expression of benevolence—advanced toward the weeping woman, and seemed to utter words of consolation and sympathy, for she looked up with an air of joyful surprise; then hastily putting on her bonnet she left the room in company with her visitor. Not for long, however; in a few moments she returned laden with warm clothing for the children, and followed by a man who carried a great basket, wherefrom he produced apparently inexhaustible stores of bread and meat, of vegetables, of tea and sugar, of all necessities, and some few luxuries. Unless Mr. Krabb's eyes deceived him, he had seen upon the backs of his own children garments very similar to those now rapturously handled in the picture; and surely the bearer of that hamper wore a striking resemblance to his own coachman! But he had no time to dwell upon these points, for the busy action of the tableau absorbed all his attention. The happy mother was hurrying in and out; now bringing an armful of wood, now a basket of coals; anon appearing with a few necessary cooking utensils; then bustling over the long-disused fire-place, until at last a crackling fire was kindled, and the kettle set on to boil, and a table—which the sturdy hamper-bearer had with much labor persuaded up the narrow stairs—spread with an abundant meal. And then to see the wondering eyes of the children when they were roused to behold this magnificent feast, and to exchange their scanty rags for comfortable attire! At sight of their eager admiration Mr. Krabb fairly laughed aloud with glee; but when, before partaking of the bounties sent for their relief, the little group knelt down and with clasped hands and upturned eyes seemed to invoke God's blessing upon their benefactor—oh, how the spot burned th n! So burned that hot tears rose to Mr. Krabb's eyes and dimmed their sight—tears, not of pain or sorrow, but of heart-felt joy and sympathy.

"Bravo, Krabb!" exclaimed Saint Nicholas, as a mist passed over the glass and effaced the picture. "Bravo, Krabb! I knew you had better stuff in you than you gave yourself credit for. It was well done, Krabb—nobly done; and I honestly think you never made a better investment in your life."

"But, your Reverence," said Mr. Krabb, with a lingering tremor in his voice, "I have done nothing. I—I wish I had, Sir. But then, you know, it wasn't really I who—"

"No matter for that at present, Krabb," broke in the Saint. "The mirror showed the promptings of your heart, and so long as you had the honest will to do good the benefit to you is the same. Let us see another picture."

Again a breath swept over the mirror, and as its surface cleared Mr. Krabb saw the interior of a plainly-furnished room, scrupulously neat, but telling in its every detail the old story of the struggle between respectability and want. A chubby infant was sleeping in its crib beside the larger bed; and sitting near it with her work was a young and pretty woman, who from time to time cast tender glances of maternal pride and solicitude upon her slumbering charge. She appeared to be waiting anxiously for some one, for her eyes were often turned toward the door, and she seemed to listen for footsteps on the stair. After a while her quick ear apparently caught the anticipated sound, and flinging aside her work she ran to meet the embrace of a man who threw open the door and stood with outspread arms to catch her in her headlong career. Motioning him to silence she led him on tip-toe to where their child lay, and as he stooped to kiss its placid brow she watched him with a beaming smile that spoke of a wife's and mother's love fulfilled almost to overflowing. Then they seated themselves side by side upon the rickety couch, and it seemed that she was questioning him concerning some annoying topic, for a shade passed across his face and he shook his head sadly.

"Your own nephew, Krabb," remarked Santa Claus; "your sister's only son, whom you cast off on account of his imprudent marriage. The poor fellow has had hard work of it these two years past to keep up appearances on his small salary; and his wife is forced to take in sewing to eke out their little income. He had some prospect of an agency out West, but after a weary journey was doomed to disappointment."

Mr. Krabb's internal heat had been increasing to that extent during the progress of this scene that he felt as if his former self were being sublimated by some spiritual process of distillation, and it was with a sense of relieved impatience that he saw the door again open and a blowsy maid-of-all-work enter with a letter which she handed to the husband. Even at that distance Mr. Krabb saw that the superscription was in his own handwriting, and that the bulk of the missive betokened an inclosure; and when his nephew drew forth from the envelope with trembling hands a check which he displayed to his amazed wife; and when, her arms clasped about his neck, they proceeded to read the accompanying letter; and when, its perusal finished, she buried her face in the innermost recesses of his waistcoat, and laughed and cried by turns, then Mr. Krabb could no longer contain himself, but started from his chair with a cheery "Hurrah! God bless 'em, they'll forgive all and come!"

"Was it an invitation to your Christmas dinner, Krabb?" asked the Saint.

"It was, your Reverence," rejoined Mr. Krabb; "only in the picture, though, you know; but, please God, I'll make it real before to-morrow noon!"

"Well said, my son! And now for one more glimpse into the future to strengthen your good resolves."

The mirror showed a spacious apartment brilliantly lighted and handsomely decorated. The room, the carpet, the furniture, were those of Mr. Krabb's own house, but so transformed by an all-pervading atmosphere of domestic cheerfulness that he almost doubted their identity. In the middle of the floor was a gorgeous Christmas-tree, radiant with many tiny tapers and glistening with toys and tinseled mottoes on every bough. Circling around this in romping dance were numerous children, to whose elastic tread the laden branches marked time gayly. In an easy-chair, at one side of the fire-place, was Mr. Krabb himself—older by many years, and with whitened hair and bowed shoulders, but with a joyous quirk in every wrinkle, which showed that his heart held youthful sympathy with the sports of his little guests. Facing him, in corresponding cushioned state, sat his wife, her face one beaming smile, and her head nodding in entranced accompaniment to the music of the dance. Occasionally some little reveler, tired for the moment by the boisterous exercise, would clamber on the old man's knee and nestle closely there to listen to a chronicle of fairy-land. In a little while the folding-doors flew open and revealed a long vista of supper-table, gleaming with bright silver and glass, and crowned with evergreens and many-colored flowers. Steaming tureens of oysters were flanked by monster piles of sandwiches, and stately alps of ice-cream reared their snowy summits above the plenty of the plain. Nor were there wanting frosted cakes and sugared dainties—mottoes containing pulling crackers, to be exploded with timid fingers and averted faces amidst much mirth and excitement—filigreed temples of candied fruit to be demolished and carried off piecemeal by sticky hands.

As the turbulent little crew relinquished their games with a shout and clustered around the table, the grown-up members of the party seemed to strive in thoughtful attention to the old couple by the fireside, serving them with the choicest delicacies of the feast, and pledging them with words and looks of affection and respect.

While yet Mr. Krabb's fascinated gaze was intent upon this happy group the outlines of the picture commenced to fade, growing fainter and fainter as he strained his eyes to catch their last impression, until finally the mirror showed no vestige of their tracery. He turned to where his visitor had been, but Saint Nicholas was gone; and he found himself again alone. Alone, yet with a sense of human companionship such as he had never experienced before; alone, but not so lonely as he had often felt among his fellow-men. In pleasant communion with the new thoughts and impulses that rose within him the time passed quickly by, until his head sank upon his breast and he went into a tranquil sleep.

When he awoke next morning the sun was streaming brightly through the windows, and the crisp snow crackling merrily beneath the feet of early passers-by. A sound of jubilant exultation greeted his ears as his children discovered the wealth of play-things wherewith good Santa Claus had stuffed their stockings; but he could also hear their mother's voice in moderating remonstrance lest they "should disturb papa." Hereat Mr. Krabb in his changed nature took positive umbrage, and hastening up stairs with a buoyant step, called out,

"Come here, you young rogues! and kiss your father for Merry Christmas! and then you may make as much noise as you like. The same to you, my dear!" continued he, saluting his astonished wife with a hearty kiss, "and may we all live to see many of 'em!"

Breakfast over—and what a jolly breakfast it was!—Mr. Krabb's first proceeding was to write a letter to his nephew inclosing a check drawn to the order of Charles Fondheart, Esquire, and begging him and his wife to come to dinner that day at five and bring the baby. Several other notes were indited and dispatched; and then Mr. Krabb started forth upon a mysterious pilgrimage.

It is needless for this history to recount at length how Mr. Krabb found not only one, but several poor widows, to whom his visits brought relief and happiness. How he felt last night's warm glow renewed as little children were taught to thank and bless him for his goodness. How when he returned home at dinner-time, flushed with exercise and exhilarated by his success, he found assembled relatives whom he had neglected for long years, but who greeted him with cordial fervor as he gave them hearty welcome. How Charles and his pretty wife were there, forgetful of past harshness: and how baby, declared by Mrs K. to be the finest child she ever laid eyes on, crowed infantile forgiveness at him from its mother's lap, and, failing an olive branch, offered him, as a token of peace and future amity between them, its coral rattle. How it was then and there settled that the christening should take place in that very room, with Mr. and Mrs. Krabb as sponsors—or how, after a glorious, hilarious dinner, it was further arranged that Charles should enter the firm of Krabb & Co. as junior partner. Suffice it to say that from that day forth Mr. Krabb led an altered life—that children loved him, and poor folks blessed him; and that each night, when he laid his head upon his pillow, he thanked God and Saint Nicholas that he had been taught the blessed meaning of a MERRY CHRISTMAS.

A. L. C.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

"MERRY CHRISTMAS to all, and to all a good time!" is our cordial greeting. Broadway, and all the *shopping* avenues, have blossomed out in gayest colors; *green*, first and foremost (as becomes Christmas), stretching out upon the sidewalks; and gorgeous hues of red, yellow, and blue, in every conceivable shape, crowding doors and windows. It were impossible to specify *articles*. Only let every body open their eyes to the sights, and their hearts to the cheerful influences that come with the holidays.

The 25th of December, as the anniversary of the birth of Christ, has long been celebrated, not only by religious ceremonies, but by popular festivities of the most joyous kind. In olden times, in Europe, the celebration of the day began the evening before. The house was decked with holly, ivy, laurel, and mistletoe. Huge Christmas candles were lighted. An enormous log, called the Yule log or Christmas block, was laid on the fire. The larder was filled with "every thing and more:"

> "Then opened wide the baron's hall
> To vassal, tenant, serf, and all:"

The high and low met on terms of equality; and

> "A Christmas gambol oft would cheer
> A poor man's heart through half the year."

During the night parties of songsters went through the streets, singing "Christmas carols;" religious services were commenced in the churches; the bells pealed forth their merry chimes. Ah! "what a world of merriment their melody" foretold! This was but the commencement of a festival lasting many days.

Although Christmas celebrations have lost their primitive character, and the rough merry-making of olden time has passed away, a cheerful radiance ever encircles the day, and it is anticipated as a joyous occasion.

The German custom of making Christmas a "children's festival," and planting for them a Christmas-tree with wondrous fruits, is too pretty not to be popular. Sometimes for the tree is substituted a visible "Santa Claus," who, in huge coat, with pockets all puffed out, comes before the eager little eyes, staggering under the burden of gifts. A still more simple custom is the hanging of stockings. How the little ones enjoy the mystery—half real half understood—which encircles Santa Claus! What a merry, confused time hanging the stockings! How they beg to borrow papa's, "'cause it is bigger!" How their bright little eyes keep unbuttoning after they go to bed, until told that Santa Claus never comes until children are all asleep? What wise guesses by the older ones as to the identity of St. Nicholas with papa or mamma!

Let the children have a merry time beneath the branches of the Christmas-tree. Take them out to see the beautiful things that adorn our shop windows, which are now in holiday attire. Yes, of course, they will ask "lots" of questions, and want to buy every thing—but a little management will secure them a delightful time in *seeing*, and at little cost, if needful. As for those not children in years nothing will keep Age so long hiding in the distance, and make them joyous and youthful, as mingling merrily in the pastimes of the little ones.

There is a pretty custom among the Norwegians of giving a dinner to the birds on Christmas-day. In the morning every gable, gateway, and barn-door is decorated with a sheaf of corn, fixed on the top of a long pole, from which it is intended the birds shall make their dinner. Even the peasants will contrive to lay aside a handful for this purpose, and what the birds do not eat on Christmas-day remains for them through the winter. In *our* city not birds, but destitute men and women, would be grateful for a similar remembrance.

The present prospect is that skating will be fine during the holidays. Winter has fully come—the ice is thickening—the skating ponds are in good order—boys are impatiently exuberant at the prospect, and "children of larger growth" are promising themselves fine times. Skates, of every kind, are conspicuous in the shop windows.

As New-Year's Day is fast approaching, ladies will want to find something "new" in the way of dresses. There are new styles enough—whether they are simple enough to be truly elegant we leave our fair readers to judge—or perhaps we had better leave it to the *gentlemen*. We give a few descriptions of Parisian styles:

"A dress of violet silk ornamented with a trimming of white lace over a band of velvet; the corsage and sleeves have a fringe of black and white grelots. A more simple style of trimming for a robe of this color would be a crossway band of black taffeta, edged with black and gold gimp, and put on the skirt in the form of a tunic. The body and sleeves should be trimmed to correspond, and a waistband of black and gold worn to complete the toilet.

"A robe made of puffed tulle, with a wreath of flowers round the bottom. Over this are placed several tulle skirts of a sufficient length to allow the flowers to appear. The body is low, and with small points at the front and back, and is trimmed with tufts of flowers to correspond with those on the skirt. A head-dress of flowers and a circlet of gold complete this toilet."

A description of some of the dresses recently worn at the French court receptions may be of interest:

"One was of striped blue and white *gros grain*, trimmed round the skirt with two cross-cut bands of blue satin, with a narrow piping of white satin in the centre. The front breadth had similar bands, arranged as chevrons to form a *tablier*. The high bodice had a pointed coat basque, edged with a narrow cross-cut band of blue and white satin. There was no low bodice, but the toilet was rendered more dressy, when required, by the addition of a puffed tulle tunic, the puffings being separated by lines of insertion, in and out of which blue ribbon-velvet was passed.

"Another dress was of Eugénie blue *gros grain*. The front of the skirt was trimmed down its entire length with a line of blue velvet, cut out at both edges in what is now called the 'battlement' style. The trimming increased in dimensions as it descended, and was edged with narrow white Cluny guipure. The bodice had a basque at the back, which basque was divided into three pieces, the centre piece being longer than the side ones, and all three cut out as the top of a battlement, and edged with white Cluny guipure.

"A third dress is made of black velvet; the lower part of the skirt is ornamented with three rows of puffed white tulle, and each puffing partially concealed with a net-work of jet, which is sewn on the velvet skirt; every breadth is cut open as far as the knee, and again united by a trellis of jet-work over white. The top of the low bodice is entirely of white tulle, covered with a net-work and fringe of jet; the short sleeves consist also entirely of narrow puffings of white tulle with a *rouleau* of black velvet between every puffing."

Here is a nice legal point to be decided—are they married or not married? A London paper says:

"While a couple were being married in Preston Church the other morning, the mother of the young lady, who was under age, rushed into the church and forbade the wedding. The officiating minister at once stopped the service, and, though the bridegroom had pronounced the words, "With this ring I thee wed," declared that no legal marriage had taken place. Since then, however, the matter has been discussed at a meeting of the clergy, and the unanimous decision they arrived at was that the couple had been properly and lawfully married according to the rites of the Church. The point is a very ticklish one, and will probably have to be settled in the law courts."

The manager of some place of amusement in London has had an *original idea*. His complimentary tickets are after this style: "He has issued a card or order to admit the bearer on a wet evening. He says it will positively be refused admittance on a fine evening, as every inch of space is then required by the highly-intelligent and admirable class of persons who pay for their amusement. It will not be admitted after ten o'clock, and the wetter the evening the more this order will be admitted." This is rich.

A large gymnasium has recently been opened in Liverpool, which is perhaps the finest in Europe. It is fitted up with all the most recent improvements and novelties, and over 600 members have already been enrolled. The large hall presents to the eye an array of ladders, bars, ropes, and nets, which to the uninitiated is hopelessly bewildering. The scene from the gallery at eight o'clock in the evening, when the classes commence, is a most animated and pleasing one. From 100 to 150 or 200 finely-built athletes, with iron muscle and unflinching nerve observable in every movement, are here, there, and every where, and all performing some feat of grace or strength. There are day classes for ladies and children, which promise to be very successful.

WASHINGTON MARKET IN CHRISTMAS-TIME.

IN connection with the Birth-Feast of Him whom the Jews despised as one who came "eating and drinking" there can be nothing inappropriate in the emphasis which is laid by all good Christians upon the Christmas Dinner and the elements of its composition. In this view our readers will appreciate the illustrations which we give on page 828 of Washington Market in Christmas-time.

It can not be denied that we have the best markets in the world, at least as regards the main object of a market—namely, its provision for the satisfaction of the most fastidious and dainty of human appetites, although our market buildings and their surroundings are a disgrace to the city. In no respect are we dependent upon any other country for even the choicest of our table luxuries, if we except the single article of wine. The finest quality of salmon is obtained in abundance from our Northern rivers. Our East River and York River oysters are probably superior to any obtained in European markets, and our venison and other game is of finer flavor. Our beef and mutton and pork and poultry are more abundant and of better quality. And New York City, from its metropolitan situation, has greater facilities for obtaining every kind of provision, and in quantities that surfeit the demand. The excellency of its markets is so well known that it not unfrequently happens that the people of neighboring towns go to New York to purchase the very provisions which those towns have themselves contributed. During the Holidays the amount of game and poultry which flows into New York markets in a single day is almost incalculable; it can only be estimated by the millions of pounds. The number of beeves and other cattle is in proportion. During the week ending December 20, 1864, there were received in New York nearly 7000 beeves, about 27,000 sheep, and as many swine.

Of our large markets the Washington Market is the oldest. Its first charter bears the date of 1686—a hundred years before the era of our independence, and long before the birth of WASHINGTON, from whom it was afterward named. At that time, of the markets now existing, there were only the Franklin and the Gouverneur. In 1856 the estimated value of Washington Market was $380,000.

ULYSSES THE GIANT

ANT KILLER

THE HOLLY-TREE BOUGH.

I love, in the warmth of the summer-sunn'd hours,
To wander alone in the swec leafy bowers;
But I love in this season to mingle the glow
Of social delight 'neath the green holly bough.

Then gather it quickly, the berries and spray,
And hang it up high on this festival day;
Let wine, mirth, and music, unitedly flow,
All soberly, under the green holly bough.

THE YARD OF BRAID.

Somewhere in Broadway, but Dame Trot could neither tell between what streets or on which side, a low-doored, dingy little shop—and now I see you have taken me up short, and settled it that Dame Trot is an old woman. Dame Trot is twenty, Sir and Madam, this last September; a slender little woman, with a fresh color, brown eyes, and short curls that have a bewitching air of having curled themselves in spite of her, and of doing it beautifully; and that is only one of the names that her foolish husband gives her. Her name is Nellie; and to commence my story rightly, it was twelve o'clock Christmas-eve. John was asleep, and the very last thing that could have come into his dreams was that his wife was stitching at that hour; so that Dame Trot was at full liberty to flourish the dressing-gown complete, minus one yard of braid, under his unconscious nose, as precisely the article for which John had wished, but which, not being the Prodigal Son, he had no thought of bestowing on himself, and a triumph as dressing-gowns go; and if she could have hung on the tree also a certain black and white plaid cloak and velvet cap for baby, why then Nellie would have had her heart's desire, and gone to bed the most contented little woman in New York; for as for the yard of braid the stores are open early on Christmas morning, and to stitch that on was not ten minutes' work. The real difficulty would be to excuse herself to John for leaving him on a holiday; and events smoothed that away; for after breakfast on Christmas morning John said, with a very visible embarrassment and hesitation,

"I am going out for a while, Nell. I have an engagement." And John, who never had an engagement without her, John who did nothing without telling her, this John went out without further explanation.

Now was the time for the braid, and a quick run down to the little trimming store at the corner; but Mrs. Nellie was pursued all the way by a sense of discomfiture and wonder, which so preoccupied her that she asked for a mysterious engagement instead of braid, and coming out, had very nearly stumbled on John himself. John did not see her. He was tangled in a knot of people all trying to get over the cross-walk at exactly the same time; and owing to this tangle she also did not see, till he came out clear of it, and passed her, quite unconscious of her, and saying with a light laugh, "I told my *wife* that I had an engagement," that he was not alone. Oh, John! only two years married, and—

"She is not pretty, either," said Nellie, looking after the trim waist and the jaunty little round hat. "That color is paint, and as bold as you please! Oh, John! how could you?"

Nellie was standing the while on the door-step of the little store, behind a string of calico and handkerchiefs dangling from the door; and as she stepped down a woefully thin hand, a child's hand, took hold of her dress.

"I say, missus, where is he? Does *you* know where he be?" asked the child, a ragged creature. I mean by that her one garment, a dress of that dirt-color that such children always wear, was so miserably rent in waist and skirt that you could see her thin shoulder-blades and her poor little bony knees—a pale, half-starved child, shivering with cold, and with the unmistakable expression of one that is used to blows and beating.

"Where is he?" repeated the child; "San-ta Claus," pronouncing the word with effort, as unfamiliar; "the one whot brings things down chimblys to children. There be some sech one. Poll said so; but he never comes down our chimbly; p'raps 'cause there's sech lots of us; but if I find him mebbe I'd get shoes or a doll; wouldn't I?"

"If you find him, you poor little soul!" cried Nellie, forgetting to watch John and the round hat around the corner. "Where is your mother?"

"Drunk!" answered the child, indifferently.

"Oh!" gasped Dame Trot, "where is your father, then?"

"Drunk! they're all drunk, I tell you," returned the child, with the same indifference. "*Don't* you know where Santa Claus is? Do you think I could ketch him?"

"I think I can," said Nellie, taking the little claw-like hand in her own. "Do you come home with me, and more than likely we'll find shoes and a doll, and perhaps something else besides."

Just then, "Bless my soul!" cried some one behind them, "Mrs. Sweete! Merry Christmas to you, and how do *you* do?" This was a smart, somewhat hard-looking man, with his arm full of bundles; Mr. Cistem, who was buying as much of Christmas as could be had for money, and was taking it home.

"I am late in the day, Nellie—I mean Mrs. Sweete," said Cistem, who had once been sweet on Nellie, very sweet, in answer to her astonished look at him and the bundles as she faced about. "The fact is, I forgot about Christmas till my wife made a row this morning about Harry's empty stockings; all well with you, I suppose?"

"Very well," answered Nellie, nervously. She always had a lingering suspicion that Cistem was sweet on her yet.

"And the little Sweete—how's he—didn't mean a pun—on my honor! or is it a she? Come to think of it, suppose you give him or her this; Harry has more than is good for him now!" thrusting a doll, with a wreath on its head, tucked up in a bedstead, under a blue silk coverlet, into her arms. "Good-by! Oh, I say! you pull something or other, and it will say papa or mamma; I forget; but you'll find out. *Good*-by."

"Well, now," said Mistress Nellie, looking first after him and then down at the doll, with a laugh; "what will John say to that, I wonder?" and there, in three words, her unhappiness, that she had for a moment forgotten, was back upon her. John deceiving her, cheating her, and laughing over it! How was that to be believed?—and yet she had heard him. The cheery Christmas morning had turned raw, with an east wind and a promise of driving sleet; but Dame Trot walked slowly. She was in no hurry to get home before John now. She had the heart, just then, to have sewed the braid on before his eyes, and let him find out for himself for whom the dressing gown was intended, ungrateful that he was! If she had been Mrs. Cistem, as she might have been, and ridden in her carriage, as she might have done, she would not have needed to stint herself in beef-steak and sugar for the last two months to save a dollar out of every week's allowance; or dyed her flannel wrapper, and cut up a wearable silk skirt, and pricked her finger into a nutmeg-grater in quilting it in a lining, and stitched her eyes out embroidering the Persian border on the dressing-gown, of a man who "told his *wife* that he had an engagement, ha! ha! ha!" and baby would have had the black and white cloak, and the velvet cap, and she could have bought what she liked; and what if John did find the tree himself, and cut it down himself, and bring it home himself; and what if it was to be lighted up at twelve? What was that to her now? thought Nellie, holding little Rag's hand much tighter than was necessary in her passion of indignation.

"I am the most miserable woman in the world," cried out this angry little Dame Trot, aloud.

It was then that she came on the low-doored, dingy store, with which I blunderingly began. She had never seen it before, and afterward she could not understand how it happened that she went in, since it was not to buy stereoscopes, which was all that the little store displayed; or more inexplicable still, how she should have looked straight through the tube of one into Mr. Cistem's house. It was his house, for she saw Cistem on the door-plate; and what Mr. Cistem had been able to buy of Christmas was lying on a table. There was also a starved little tree in a desert of dinner-table, growing bonbons, and flags, amidst such an array of silver and napkins, as made it clear that company was expected; there was Mrs. Cistem, looking snubbed; and Harry Cistem, looking stuffed with French candy, and cross; and Cistem himself, sour and grum, though it took Nellie some time to find him, in the shape of a huge extinguisher, perched over the whole; at which she laughed immoderately. Oddest of all, there was Merry Christmas running for life out of the house, with a hearth fairy tugging at his coat-tails to pull him back, and saying:

"Can't, can't; would like to oblige a friend, but it is impossible! Stay in that house! Why I put it in his wife's heart, just now, to tell the lad there a story, and you should have heard my brute! 'Sweetness of Christmas! fiddle-de-dee! Christmas comes around like washing-day, and we provide for it accordingly. So much tree and nick-nacks, instead of soap and starch; but sweetness and joy bells! Stuff and nonsense; call a spade a spade, Jane!'"

"Oh!" exclaimed Nellie, much astonished, and as she spoke, by I don't know what trick of the stereoscope, she looked into their own home instead, with the Christmas wreaths over the doors and around the pictures, and John coming in at the door and dragging the great, rustling, fragrant tree after him; and their two selves gleefully busy over it in the corner, with wires and hammer and nails, and John stepping back to look at it, with his head on one side, and saying with a kiss, "and what do you think of that, Dame Trot, my dear?" while baby, sucking his thumb, surveyed the whole from the hearth-rug with the air of a critic; and that fading in its turn, she saw herself blazoned "as the most miserable woman in the world," sitting in the shadow of the tree, but with the brightness of the fire shining on her peaceful face, with baby in her lap, and John looking at them with delighted eyes, and calling them Dame Trot and Trotter, and getting a box on the ears for his pains; and that vanishing just as swiftly, there was John on his way to buy a coat, and buying a hat for Dame Trot instead, and coming soberly home to tell her that his old coat was so good that his tailor had solemnly assured him it would be a sin to get another; but here—

"Be he here, that man," asked little Rags, who had waited patiently the while, but holding fast to Nellie's dress. The little wife started. John would be home before her, and she was over the humor of sewing the braid on before his eyes.

"A tree that has been bearing apples all its days won't grow thistles on a sudden," said Dame Trot valiantly to herself; "and I mean to trust him if he did say"—but here it became evident that if John was to be trusted Dame Trot had better not repeat that sentence to herself; and all the way home she did battle with the sentence, by questioning Rags of her miserable life; and getting Rags seated at such a breakfast as she never saw before, Dame Trot still had to do battle with the sentence, which would keep coming up like this—"I told my"—and when the Dame had done with that braid, and hidden the dressing-gown to her mind behind the tree, why there it was again: "I told my wife"—and when the Dame had conjured up a doll, and shoes, and dress, and petticoats, and shawl, and hood, for Rags, and hidden them also on the tree, why there it was again: "I told my wife that I"—and when the Dame had seized on baby and quite unnecessarily sung him to sleep, why there it was again! but then, there was John also, more hesitating than when he went away, more with the air of something on his mind.

"Guilty conscience!" said Nellie, venomously, to herself, and there was the whole sentence! "I told my *wife* that I had an engagement."

"My pet," said John, "I have asked company to dinner. Our old friend Marks, and a friend of his, Miss May."

"You don't say," cried Nellie, jumping at a conclusion, and thinking it aloud, "that you mean to ask *her* here?"

"I have asked her," said John, flushing; "Marks is sweet on her, you know; and why not, my dear? A knock—I think they are here."

Coloring to her curls, Nellie opened the door, with baby on her arm, and a certain dignity that was by no means a part of the general make-up of Dame Trot. Entered Marks with "Merry Christmas," and a Merry-Andrew for the baby; entered Miss May, blushing and quailing evidently before the unfriendly dignity of the little matron, while John looks on in astonishment; and, getting off her hat and trim-fitting coat, is so pretty in a blue dress, setting off her fair complexion, and rolls and puffs of golden hair evidently invented expressly for her fresh face, that Nellie abandons the theory about the paint, and, utterly crushed in spirit, only wishes to take baby and lie down on the best bed in the other room and die. That is precisely what the rest want also; that is, John and Miss May; that is, th[illegible]re anxious to get her out of the room—abou[illegible] dying is not so clear. How did she make that out?

"Nellie," said John, "Marks is fuschia-mad. Show him your fuschia, won't you?" Now the fuschia was in the adjoining room. Marks had visited them a year, and no symptoms of fuschia rabidness before; and last, but not least, the fuschia was not in bloom. What more do you want? Marks did not look at the plant; clearly could not tell it from the geraniums; uneasy about the two in the next room, as was plain, from his wandering looks toward the door. Perceiving his jealousy, Nellie had half a mind to speak out hers; but here the pride of a wife stepped in; besides, when a woman is angry she insults—when a man is angry he strikes; and though, of course, one can not care for a husband that flirts with Miss Mays, at the same time one does not want one's husband knocked about by jealous Marks; so there is only a little acid in the tone with which she says: "If you are quite satisfied with the fuschia, suppose we go back, Mr. Marks."

Mr. Marks opened the door. "Oh! oh! oh!" cried Mrs. Nellie, recoiling. The little parlor that they had left, gray with the early darkening of the stormy afternoon, was ablaze with lamps and the twinkle of tapers on the tree. In front of the tree sat Miss May. On Miss May's audacious lap sat the baby; and on the baby was the long-desired velvet cap and cloak, in black and white plaid; and it is only fair to baby to add that he looked as well in them as his mother could have expected.

"Oh! oh! oh!" cried Nellie over again.

"You see, Dame Trot—" commenced John.

"You see," said Marks, "John came to me—"

"You see," smiled Miss May, "I told them that I—"

For they were so excited that they all talked together; and that Nellie ever made out in that Babel that John, knowing her heart's desire, had confided it to Marks, who had mentioned it to his sweetheart, who was in the children's furnishing line, and had undertaken, out of friendship, to make the cloak and cap—I say, that Nellie made all this out is proof conclusive of what I have always believed, that Dame Trot was a very clever little woman.

"And now that is out," finished John, in high glee and triumph, "I may say that, knowing my clumsy, hulking self, I have been in a constant fever lest I should let my secret out and spoil it."

"Ah! but I saw you, though," cried Nellie, "this morning, when you passed the store at the corner," and instantly grew scarlet; for John's steady look, resting on her in astonishment, changed gradually to a merry understanding of something that had puzzled him in Dame Trot.

Just then little Rags, who had been staring open-mouthed from one to another, set up a shout:

"I seen it! I seen it! There's a doll, there is, in a frock—pink; I seen it! And there's shoes, there is—them's for me. There's stockings, there is; I seen it! There's a dress. There's a shawl, there is, there is. 'Tain't for none of you's. He brung it for me—Santa Claus! Them's jest big enough. I seen 'em—seen 'em all!"

And as John, his eyes moistening with sympathy, handed down, one after another, the gifts for little Rags, that naughty Nellie stole behind him, and suddenly something fell over his head and shut out the light—a thick, warm something—the dressing-gown, in which Nellie held him fast. And Marks and Miss May coming to rescue him, and John pulling, and Nellie pulling, and Marks and Miss May pulling, and all laughing together, baby thought it time to set up a crow, and little Rags, beside herself with excitement, rushed at the entire party, and tugged and pulled indiscriminately, screaming all the while.

That, of course, made an end of Dame Trot's dignity, and chased away all lingering shadows of doubt and coolness. But when the tree was stripped, and the dinner eaten, and Marks and Miss May gone, and Rags asleep in a bed made for her on the floor, and baby sound in his cradle, and John and Nellie sat alone by the light of that dying Christmas fire—

"My darling," said John, inquisitively. "Candidly, now. When you saw us this morning—Miss May and me, I mean—weren't you a little—just a very little, you know—"

"Jealous, John? Certainly; only not a little, but a very great deal," answered the little wife, promptly; and thereon commenced her story, till, getting to her meeting with Cistem, she burst into a fit of laughter.

"To think," she said, "that I should have forgotten it! The doll for Baby! There it stands in the closet now. Why, I meant to make you jealous with it, John;" at which John laughed. But coming on to the stereoscopic views—

"Oh, come, now!" cried John; "come! That is a little too much, even for Christmas;" and persists to this day in treating the whole as an airy vision or parable, concocted in the brain of his clever little wife. And it certainly is odd that Dame Trot could never point out that low-doored, dingy shop.

HALF A MILLION OF MONEY.

By Amelia B. Edwards,
Author of "Barbara's History," &c.

CHAPTER XC.

AT FAULT.

Up and down, up and down, till his eyes wearied of the shipping and his feet of the *pavé*, Saxon wandered along the quays of the grand old city of Bordeaux, seeking vainly for any definite news of the *Daughter of Ocean*. He had lost much precious time by the way—a night in Bristol, a day in London, another night in Bordeaux; but for this there had been absolutely no help. The early train that took him from Bristol to London arrived too late for the morning mail to Paris, and the express from Paris to Bordeaux brought him into the antique capital of Guienne between ten and eleven at night. Armed, however, with the same strong will that had carried him along thus far, Saxon set to work to pursue his search as vigorously in Bordeaux as in London and Bristol, and, if possible, to make up for lost time by even greater perseverance and patience.

Up to this point he had held no further communication with Greatorex. He was determined to act for himself and by himself without help or counsel. He would, perhaps, have found it difficult to explain why he shrunk from sharing the responsibility of this task—why, from that moment when he had first divined the share which Helen Rivière might bear in his cousin's flight, he had jealously kept the supposition to himself and determined to follow up this accidental clew unaided and alone. But so it was. He felt that the girl's name was sacred; that his lips were sealed; that he, and he only, must seek and save her.

He thought of her perpetually. He could think, indeed, of nothing else. Throughout the weary, weary miles of travel by night, by day, sleeping or waking, the remembrance of her peril was ever before him. He had beheld her face but twice in his life; yet it was as vividly present to him as if he had been familiar with its pale and tender beauty from his boyhood. It wrung his very heart to think of her eyes—those pathetic eyes, with that look of the caged chamois in them that he remembered so well. Then he would wonder vaguely whether they had always worn that expression?—whether he should ever see them lighted up with smiles?—whether she had ever known the joyous, thoughtless, sunshiny happiness of childhood, and had made her father's home musical with laughter?

Musing thus, while the unvaried flats of central France were gliding monotonously past the carriage windows, he would wander on into other and quite irrelevant speculations, wondering whether she remembered him? Whether she would know him again if she met him? Whether she had ever thought of him since that day when they met at the Waterloo Bridge Station, and he paid her fare from Sedgebrook? And then at the end of all these tangled skeins of reverie would always come the one terrible question—did she love William Trefalden?

He told himself that it was impossible. He told himself over and over again that Heaven was just and merciful, and would never condemn that pure young soul to so fatal an error; but while he reasoned he trembled.

Supposing that this thing had really come to pass—what then? What if they were already married? The supposition was not to be endured, and yet it flashed upon him every now and then like a sharp pang of physical pain. He might put it aside as resolutely as he would, but it came back and back again.

Whence this pain? Whence this anguish, this restless energy, this indomitable will that knew neither fatigue, nor discouragement, nor shadow of turning? These were questions that he never asked himself. Had they been put to him he would probably have replied that he compassionated Helen Rivière from the bottom of his heart, and that he would have felt the same, and done as much, for any other innocent and helpless girl in a similar position. It was pity. Pity, of course. What else should it be?

In this frame of mind, devoured by anxiety, and impelled by a restlessness that increased with every hour, the young man traversed the hundreds upon hundreds of miles between Bristol and Bordeaux, and now wandered eagerly about the far-spreading city and the endless quays, pursuing his search.

Of the *Daughter of Ocean* he ascertained that she had arrived in port and was unlading somewhere below the bridge. Sent hither and thither, referred from one shipping agent to another, and confused by all sorts of contradictory directions, he had the greatest difficulty to find the steamer, and, when found, to gain a moment's hearing from those about her. Deserted, apparently, by her captain and crew, and given over to a swarm of blue-bloused porters, the *Daughter of Ocean* lay beside a wharf on the farther side of the Garonne, undergoing a rapid clearance. The wharf was obstructed with crates, bales, and packing cases; the porters came and went like bees about a hive; a French *commis* in a shaggy white hat, with a book under his arm and a pen behind his ear, stood by and took note of the goods as they were landed; and all was chatter, straw, bustle, and confusion. No one seemed able to give Saxon the least intelligence. The *commis* would scarcely listen to him, and the only person from whom he could extract a civil word was a fat Englishman in a semi-nautical costume, whom he found in the saloon of the steamer, immersed in accounts. This person informed him that the captain was gone to Perigueux, and that the passengers had all been landed yesterday at the Quai Louis Philippe. As to where they might have gone after being

once set ashore, that was nobody's business but their own. Perhaps it might be worth while to make inquiry at the passport office, or the English Consulate. He should do so himself if he were looking after any friends of his own.

So Saxon thanked the fat Englishman for his advice, and went to the Consulate. The Consul advised him to go to the Préfet, and the Préfet, after keeping him for more than an hour in a dismal waiting-room, referred him to the Superintendent of the city police. This functionary, a fussy, inquisitive, self-important personage, entered Saxon's name in a big book, promised that he would communicate with the authorities of the passport office, and desired Monsieur to call again to-morrow between two and four.

Thus the day dragged slowly by, and when at night he laid his weary head upon the pillow Saxon felt as if he were farther off than ever from success.

The next day, Saturday, was spent in the same unsatisfactory way. He wasted all the forenoon in hunting out one Philip Edmonds, first mate of the *Daughter of Ocean*, who was lodging at a little marine boarding-house on the opposite side of the river. This Edmonds at once remembered to have seen William Trefalden and Helen Rivière among the passengers. The lady was in deep mourning. They landed with the others at the Quai Louis Philippe. He had never spoken to either, and knew nothing of their ultimate destination. This was all that he had to tell.

Then Saxon went back to the quays, and inquired about the steamers that would sail next week for New York. He found that none had left Bordeaux since the *Daughter of Ocean* had come into port, and that the first departure would take place on the following Tuesday. By the time that these facts were ascertained it was late enough to go to the superintendent's office. Here, however, he was requested to call again to-morrow, the police having as yet been unable to come at any satisfactory results. The vagueness of this statement, and the air of polite indifference with which it was conveyed to him by a bland official in the outer office, convinced Saxon that he had little to expect from aught but his own unaided efforts. That night, having since early morning paced untiringly about the quays and streets and public offices of Bordeaux, he lay down to rest, almost in despair.

CHAPTER XCI.

SAXON STRIKES THE TRAIL IN A FRESH PLACE.

"WILL Monsieur have the goodness to write his name in the visitors' book?"

Saxon had finished his solitary breakfast and was looking dreamily out of the window of the salle-à-manger when the head waiter laid the volume before him and preferred the stereotyped request. Scarcely glancing at the motley signatures with which the page was nearly filled, the young man scrawled his own.

"*Tiens!*" said the waiter, as Saxon completed the entry under its various headings, "Monsieur is Swiss?"

"I am. What of it?"

"Nothing, Monsieur—except that Monsieur speaks with the purity of a Frenchman. There is a Swiss Protestant chapel in Bordeaux, if Monsieur would wish to attend the service."

A new possibility suggested itself to Saxon's mind.

"Is there any English Protestant chapel?" he asked, quickly.

"*Mais, certainement, Monsieur.* On the Pavé des Chantrons. One may see it from this window."

And the waiter pointed out a modest white building, about a quarter of a mile away.

Saxon's heart bounded with hope renewed. The English Protestant chapel! What more likely than that Helen should find her way thither this sunny Sunday morning? What more probable than that the English chaplain should be able to help him? How dull he had been, not to think of this before! Finding that it yet wanted nearly two hours to the time when service would begin, and that the chaplain lived near by, Saxon went at once to wait upon him. An old woman, however, opened the door to him, and informed him with many courtesies, that her master was absent for six week's *vacances*, and that a strange gentleman had undertaken his duty in the mean while. As for the strange gentleman's name, she had not the remotest idea of it. It was "*un nom Anglais—un nom excessivement difficile.*"

"If you will direct me where to find him," said Saxon, "I can dispense with his name."

"*Mon Dieu*, M'sieur, he is staying at Drouay!"

"Where, then, is Drouay?"

"*Ah, c'est loin, M'sieur.*"

"What do you mean by far? How far?"

"More than three leagues, M'sieur. But he will be here to perform the service at half past ten, and M'sieur can see him after it is over."

Forced to content himself with this prospect, Saxon then chatted a while with the garrulous old *femme de charge*, and learned that Drouay was a little village in the heart of the wine-country north of Bordeaux; that the strange clergyman, being in delicate health, was staying there till the vintage-time should come round and enable him to take the benefit of the grape-cure; that her own master was the best man in the world; that the chapel was *très laide*; that the attendance at this season was very scanty; that the voluntary contributions were much less than they should be, and so forth, till he succeeded in effecting his escape.

At length half past ten o'clock came round. His thoughts were busy with the things of the world, and he felt that he had no power to abstract them. He felt that he could no more lay down his burden upon that sacred threshold as he ought to lay it down than he could lay down his personality; so he remained outside the door and watched the congregation passing in. But he watched in vain. Among the women came no Helen Rivière—among the men no William Trefalden. By-and-by he heard the psalm-singing through the half-opened windows, and now and then a faint echo of the voice of the preacher. At length, after a service that seemed to him as if it would never end, the worshipers came out again and went their several ways. He then entered the chapel, begged the favor of five minutes' conversation with the officiating clergyman, and was shown into the vestry.

A fragile-looking young man of about six or seven and twenty received him politely, pointed to a seat, and begged to know in what manner he could have the pleasure of being useful to him.

Saxon had no difficulty in telling his story. He had told it so often, and always with the same reservations on one or two points, that it now came to his lips with the readiness of an established formula.

He was in search of two friends who, he had reason to believe, had lately arrived in Bordeaux. The gentleman was a near relative of his own, and he was intimately acquainted with the family of the lady. Her name was Rivière. She was about seventeen or eighteen years of age, and dressed in deep mourning. He was the bearer of very important intelligence, and had traveled from England expressly to see these friends, if only he were so fortunate as to obtain some definite information respecting them. And then he concluded with an apology for the trouble that he was giving, and the time that his narrative occupied in the telling.

The clergyman, sitting with one hand over his mouth, and his eyes fixed attentively upon the ground, heard him to the end, and then, in a very quiet clear voice, said,

"Will you oblige me with your name?"

"Certainly. My name is Trefalden."

"Is Trefalden also the name of your relative?"

Saxon hesitated.

"I do not think that he is traveling under that name," he replied, with some embarrassment.

"Do you mean, Mr. Trefalden, that your friend is traveling under an assumed name?"

"I mean—that is, I believe—he is traveling under the name of Forsyth."

The clergyman pressed his fingers nervously against his lips.

"This is strange," he said.

"If you know any thing, for Heaven's sake do not hesitate to tell it!" cried Saxon, impetuously.

"I am bound to hesitate," replied the clergyman. "I do not know whether I ought—"

"If it be your duty to help the helpless and baffle the unrighteous, you ought—believe me, Sir, you *ought*—to speak!"

The young clergyman looked at him fixedly, and after a moment's pause, replied,

"I do believe you, Mr. Trefalden. I also believe that I am engaged to marry those two persons to-morrow at Drouay."

Saxon changed color, opened his lips as if about to speak, checked himself, stood up, sat down again, and said at length in a low deep voice,

"I am glad to find that I am in time."

"To be present at their wedding?"

"No—to prevent it."

The clergyman looked as if he had half-anticipated this reply.

"If I am to refuse to perform the ceremony, Mr. Trefalden, you must furnish me with an adequate reason," said he.

Saxon was sorely tried between his desire to screen the good Trefalden name and the obvious necessity for stating his case plainly.

"If I place a great confidence in you," he said, presently, "will you promise not to betray it?"

"Unquestionably."

Saxon looked at him as if he would fain read his very heart.

"You are an utter stranger to me," he said: "but I think you are a man of honor. I will trust you."

And then, having looked out into the chapel and seen that there was no one within hearing, Saxon sat down and related all the story of his cousin's perfidy.

CHAPTER XCII.

MR. GUTHRIE'S TESTIMONY.

THE clergyman's name was Guthrie. He was lodging at the house of a small propriétaire at Drouay, as the old femme de charge had said, for his health; and hither, according to the statement which he gave in return for Saxon's confidence, a gentleman came out from Bordeaux to visit him in the evening of the foregoing Wednesday—*i. e.*, the evening of the very day that the *Daughter of Ocean* landed her passengers at the Quai Louis Philippe. This gentleman said that his name was Forsyth. The object of his visit was to engage Mr. Guthrie to perform the ceremony of marriage between himself and a lady then staying at the Hôtel de Nantes in Bordeaux. Mr. Guthrie arranged to marry them on the Saturday, and this matter disposed of, Mr. Forsyth, who was a remarkably pleasant person, made some observations about Drouay, and asked if there were any apartments to be had in the neighborhood. He then added that the lady whom he was about to make his wife had lately lost a near relative, and would be glad to escape from the noise and bustle of Bordeaux to so retired a spot. Mr. Guthrie then volunteered to accompany him to a little château near by, which was to be let furnished, and Mr. Forsyth engaged the first-floor on the spot. There was at first some little difficulty about the matter, as the propriétaire was unwilling to let any part of his house for less than one month; but Mr. Forsyth, who was apparently as rich as he was agreeable, offered a fortnight's rent in advance, and promised that, although the lady would probably not remain there more than a week, the whole month should be paid if her occupation of the rooms caused Monsieur le propriétaire to lose a more advantageous tenant. The next morning he escorted Miss Rivière to Drouay, installed her at the Château de Peyrolles, and having introduced her to Mr. Guthrie, and recommended her to that gentleman's care and attention, took his leave.

Mr. Guthrie had at that time no idea that his new acquaintances had only arrived in Bordeaux the day before; or that they had traveled direct from England. He first learned these facts from Miss Rivière. He was exceedingly surprised when she further informed him that they were about to proceed to New York by the next steamer leaving Bordeaux. If Miss Rivière had not spoken of their plans so simply, and been in such profound sorrow for the loss of her mother, he would have perhaps suspected a clandestine match; but as it was, he only wondered *en passant* at the oddity of their arrangements, and then dismissed the subject from his mind. On the Friday Mr. Forsyth came down to Drouay to call upon Miss Rivière, and, at her desire, postponed the marriage till Monday. It seemed to Mr. Guthrie that Miss Rivière was perfectly willing to become the wife of Mr. Forsyth. The love was unquestionably on his side; but she seemed to hold him in the highest possible respect, and to look up to him in all things. Having so recently lost her mother, however, it was natural that the young lady should be anxious to wait as long as might be practicable before contracting this new tie. As the arrangement now stood, Mr. Guthrie was to perform the ceremony privately at the Château de Peyrolles on Monday afternoon, and the newly-married pair were to embark on board the American mail steam-packet *Washington* for New York direct on Tuesday morning. Mr. Guthrie added that he had found himself much interested in Miss Rivière. He had lent her some books, called upon her several times, and done what he could to alleviate the monotony of her brief sojourn at Drouay. In the mean while Mr. Forsyth, through respect for her grief and her solitude, had with much delicacy kept aloof from the Château de Peyrolles, and had, in fact, only been down once from Bordeaux since Miss Rivière's arrival there. Mr. Guthrie believed that Mr. Forsyth had since then gone upon business to Angoulême.

And here the clergyman's testimony ended.

CHAPTER XCIII.

THE CHATEAU DE PEYROLLES.

A TINY white building in the French medieval style, with some six or eight glittering extinguisher turrets, a wholly unreasonable number of very small windows, and a weedy courtyard with massive wooden gates, was the Château de Peyrolles. The house was white; the jalousies were white; the gates were white. In short, a more comfortless and ghost-like dwelling it would be difficult to find, even in the south of France. Built upon a slight—a very slight—eminence, it overlooked a wide district of vineyards; and stood islanded, as it were, in the midst of an endless green lake, which stretched away for miles on every side. Here and there rose a cluster of village roofs, surmounted by a landmark of church-spire; here and there the peaked roof of some stately château; but the villages were few and the châteaux far between. A long straight road, bordered on each side by tall poplars, swept through the heart of this district, passing close beside the gates of the Château de Peyrolles, and vanishing away into the extreme distance, like an avenue in a perspective drawing.

Along this road—the vines heavy with black grapes coming down in most places to the wayside, with now and then a patch of coarse pasture in between—Saxon drove from Bordeaux to Drouay that memorable Sunday afternoon. He had taken a light carriage and four good post-horses from his hotel, and so went over the ground at a brilliant pace. The Reverend Angus Guthrie, having made his afternoon discourse of the very briefest, accompanied him. They spoke but seldom, exchanging now and then a word or two on the coming vintage, or the weather, which had become heavily overcast within the last two hours and threatened a storm; but as the road lengthened behind them their observations became fewer, and then altogether ceased.

"This is Drouay," said the clergyman, after a silence of more than half-an-hour.

Saxon started and looked out of the window.

"And that little white building?"

"The Château de Peyrolles."

A strange feeling of agitation and reluctance came upon him.

"Now that it comes to the point," said he, "I feel like a coward."

"I do not wonder at it," replied Mr. Guthrie; "you have a painful duty before you."

"Still, you do not think she loves him?"

"I do not, indeed."

"I wish to Heaven I could be sure of that!" said Saxon, earnestly; so earnestly that the young clergyman looked up at him like a man who is suddenly enlightened.

"In any case, Mr. Trefalden," he replied, "you could only do what you are now doing. Mercy under these circumstances would be cruel injustice. Shall we alight here? Perhaps it would be better than driving up to the château."

The postillions had pulled up before the door of the village auberge; so the travelers got out, and went up the private road on foot.

"You don't think it would come better from yourself, being a clergyma r," said Saxon, as Mr. Guthrie rang for admission.

The clergyman shook his head.

"Certainly not. I could only repeat what I have been told; you can tell what you know."

"True."

"But, if you prefer it, I will see Miss Rivière first, and prepare her for your visit."

"Thanks—thanks a thousand times."

An elderly woman opened the door, smiling and courtesying. Mam'selle, she said, was in the grande salon "*au premier;*" so Mr. Guthrie went up, while Saxon waited in a little anteroom on the ground-floor.

He was cruelly nervous. He tried to think what he ought to say, and how he ought to begin; but he could not put the words together in his mind, and when the clergyman came back at the end of ten minutes, it seemed to him as if he had not been absent as many seconds.

"I have given her your card," said Mr. Guthrie, "and told her that you are Mr. Forsyth's cousin. Go up to the first landing, and through the door that faces you as you ascend the stairs. I will wait here for you."

He went up, his heart beating painfully against his side; and then he paused a moment outside the door.

"I'd as soon be shot!" he muttered to himself as he turned the handle and went in.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

NOT BEFORE IT'S WANTED.—Two German inventors announce that they have discovered a scheme for making wine without grapes. Now that the prices of meat are so high, why don't our scientific men find out some way of making beef without oxen?

A MUSICAL TURNKEY.—The authorities of a prison in Canada advertise as follows: "Wanted, a respectable man to act as a turnkey in a county prison. One who understands music, can play the organ, and sing bass, would be preferred."

The two kings that rule in America—Jo-king and Smoking. *Vive la Republique!*

When may a man's pocket be empty and yet have something in it?—When it has a *hole* in it.

Why is a clock the most modest piece of furniture?—Because it covers its face with its hands and runs down its own works.

Johnny says he always has the headache after mince-pies. He thinks he doesn't eat enough of them, and will try not to have the headache next Christmas.

In the Limerick paper an Irish gentleman, whose lady had absconded from him, thus cautions the public against trusting her: "My *wife* has eloped from me without *rhyme or reason*, and I desire no one to trust her on my account, *for I am not married to her.*"

EPITAPH ON A MISER.

Reader, beware immoderate love of pelf!
Here lies the worst of *thieves*, who robbed *himself*.

"My dear," said a lady to a wee child, whose hands were filled with painted candies which some friend had given it, "those things are not good for you to eat." "But, mamma," responded the child, "if they are not good to *eat*, may I take some for *medicine?*"

"THE TUG OF WAR."—A Frigate's Tender.

Why is U the gayest letter in the alphabet?—Because it is always in *fun*.

Why is matrimony like a besieged city?—Because those who are *in* want to get *out*, and those who are *out* want to get *in*.

A certain deacon being accustomed to snore while asleep in church, he received the following polite note: "Deacon —— is requested not to commence snoring to-morrow until the sermon is begun, as some persons in the neighborhood of his pew would like to hear the *text*."

No matter how long you have been married, never neglect to court your wife.

A lady, a regular shopper, who had made an unfortunate clerk tumble over all the stockings in the store, objected that none were long enough.

"I want," she said, "the longest hose that are made."

"Then, madam," was the reply, "you'd better apply to the next engine-house."

It is a lucky thing to have a piano in the house—it is good *for-tune*.

The following question is being argued in the debating societies throughout the rural districts: "Which is the most destructive to life—war, cholera, or railroads?" At last accounts the railroads were away ahead.

A QUESTION OF TURNED HEADS.—How would the negro women look if they used Golden Hair Wash to dye their woolly heads yellow?

A wide-awake minister, who found his congregation going to sleep one Sunday before he had fairly commenced, suddenly stopped and exclaimed, "Brethren, this isn't fair; it isn't giving a man half a chance. Wait till I get along a piece, and then if I ain't worth listening to go to sleep; but don't before I get commenced; give a man a chance."

Why are wheat and potatoes like the idols of old?—Because the former have ears and hear not, and the latter eyes but see not.

THE POPE'S OPINION OF THE FREEMASONS.—More "free" than welcome.

"Oh, mother, do send for the doctor!" said a little boy of three years. "What for, my dear?" "Why, there's a gentleman in the parlor, who says he'll die if Jane don't marry him—and she says she won't."

What is the difference between a Catholic priest and a Baptist?—One uses wax candles and the other *dips*.

It is supposed that the object of the bridal party who lately went up in a balloon from New York was to see the honey-moon.

A MODEL FISH.—The seal-in-wax.

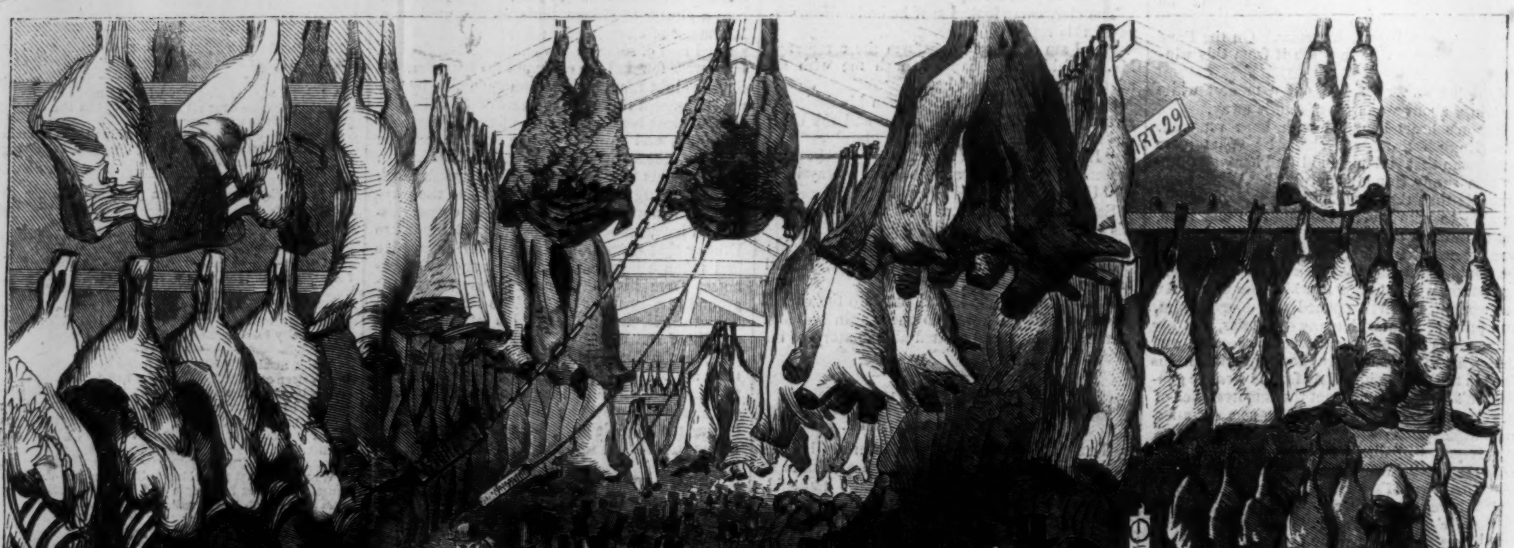
A paper in a neighboring city reports that there is a grocer up town who is so mean that he was seen to catch a fly off his counter, hold him by the hind legs, and look in the cracks of his feet to see if he hadn't been stealing some of his best sugar.

Nothing so much destroys our peace of mind as to hear another express an intention to give us a piece of his.

THE WATCH-CRY.—"Take care of your pockets!"

A woman said in a police-court, the other day, that before marriage her husband pretended to be much struck with her, but now she was every day struck by him.

CHRISTMAS—GAME AND POULTRY IN WASHINGTON MARKET.



CHRISTMAS—BEEF AND MUTTON IN WASHINGTON MARKET, NEW YORK, 1865.—[See Page 823.]

PARIS FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER, 1865.

PARIS FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER.

IN describing the fashions which are now in vogue in Paris, first let us speak of bonnets, for no article of dress holds greater sway over the female mind. The latest form is that styled the Pamela. The shape is somewhat peculiar, for it is cut short off the cheeks; still, when seen encircling a youthful face, it has a very charming appearance. Like most of the bonnets for the present season, the Pamela has very few ornaments upon it. There may be, perhaps, interspersed among the trimming some small ornaments of either gold or silver, or some gilt or steel chains. One rather pretty example of this style of bonnet should be noticed. It is of black and rose-color velvet, trimmed with merely a few small black feathers, and with black strings. The strings of the Pamela, starting from the bandeaux, encircle, as it were, the cheeks. Another of these bonnets is of violet-color velvet, trimmed with white blonde and a few small silver ornaments. The inside trimming consists usually either of a band of velvet fastened with a gold clasp, a band of silver plait, or else a few folds of velvet with a little bird or two or three pheasant's feathers.—Although the Pamela would seem destined to become the *môde*, the bonnet styled the Empire is still very generally worn. The material is now invariably of velvet—blue velvet, for instance, and white tulle with a star, which may either be of jet or of silver, on a fold of the curtain, which, by-the-way, is worn extremely short, or blue and black velvet, with a dentelle Cluny bordered with pearls, and with a string of pearls inside: in place of pearls small chains of gold or silver are frequently worn. Empire bonnets are likewise of black velvet, bordered with white plush, and with strings of white moire. It may be remarked, *en passant*, that moire strings, which are very elegant, bid fair to be the prevailing fashion for winter bonnets with Parisian ladies. They are also of black and violet velvet, trimmed with white tulle, with a short scarf of black lace falling over the chignon, the inside trimming consisting simply of a little humming-bird surrounded by moss.

For morning toilets the robe of foulard silk, which, together with the jupon, is invariably of a dark color—such as black and violet, black and white, black and brown, deep reddish brown, and dark, warm gray—is a good deal worn. These dresses are trimmed with black taffeta, and at times with the dentelle Cluny—a white lace, which is just now much in fashion, and which is used for trimming both dark and light dresses. Cloth dresses are being very generally adopted for walking costume, in preference to knickerbockers and linseys. One

A PLAGUE OF LOCUSTS IN SYRIA.

novelty has sprung up in Paris within the last few days—a thick woolen stuff of the natural color of the wool. It is admirably adapted for winter wear, and promises to become largely in request.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

No. 1. Dress of light blue striped taffeta, trimmed with ribbon of a darker shade and thread lace. The jacket has shoulder-knots and a short tail behind. The head-dress is in the style of the Empire, with little curls and a small wreath of winter flowers.

No. 2. Lavender-color dress, either in silk, linsey, or any other woolen material. The bonnet is in the new form styled the Pamela, and is in green velvet, with curtain of tulle. At the upper part, on one side, is a little bird. Inside is a band of silver plait with rosette fixed upon the velvet.

No. 3. Dress of puce-color Pekin satin, with wide black stripes and a plated flounce. Jacket Polonaise in black velvet trimmed with fur. Bonnet of black velvet bordered with puce-color plush; strings of the same color.

No. 4. Dress of pale gray taffeta trimmed with black velvet, buttons, and black silk lace. The head-dress is extremely simple, the *bandeaux* being merely thrown back.

A PLAGUE OF LOCUSTS IN SYRIA.

OUR engraving on page 829 represents one of those casualties of Eastern life which only a few travelers have witnessed; and yet the locust plays such an important part in many districts, that the observation, destruction, and even ultimate preservation of the insects, form an ordinary episode in the avocations of the people.

There are several varieties of locusts. That which belongs to Asia, and may be called the flying locust, differs from other species in the conformation of the head, the oval form of the eyes, the strength of the mandibles, and the exceptional size of the posterior claws. The male is rather smaller than the female, and of a yellow color.

The insects of this family are one of the most terrible plagues not only of Egypt but of all Asia, the Archipelago, and Oriental Europe. For nearly two months, from Cairo to Damascus, the artist from whose sketch our illustration is taken accompanied a friend on a journey during the season when the locusts are expected; and in the plains of Esdraelon and maritime Phœnicia they were nearly blinded by the swarms which, attracted by the fertile valleys, regarded no obstacle to their passage, but even struck the faces of the travelers with the force of hailstones, and lay in thick masses on the road beneath the horses' hoofs.

The locust is regarded by many of the Orientals as a forerunner of war or pestilence, and it is recorded that they had not appeared either in Egypt or Syria for nearly fifteen years when, scarcely a month after their arrival, cholera and typhus ravaged the whole coast of the Mediterranean and the shores of the Black Sea. The rapacity of the locust is not the only evil which characterizes it; for when once the work of destruction is accomplished the insects die and cover a large extent of country with their decaying carcasses, causing pestilential maladies of the worst description.

In the course of the voyage of the travelers with a caravan their party stopped to breakfast on the slope of a mountain overlooking the plain of Esdraelon; to the left was Mount Tabor and the Little Hermon, and afar off the mountains of Samaria, while facing them at the end of the plain could be seen the tiny village of Djonin, which was almost lost in the haze; although such was the clearness of the air above the plain that even distant objects could be seen with singular distinctness. Suddenly a remarkable sound was heard, which resembled the hum of a great work-shop, and the rays of the sun were obscured by a vast widely-spreading cloud of locusts, which broke suddenly above the valley, upon which the insects dropped like snow-flakes, covering the ground with their yellow bodies, which moved and undulated like foam upon water.

Unless a high wind prevails, and the locusts are driven toward the sea, there is no remedy but to submit to the stripping of every green leaf from the trees, and the utter disappearance of every blade of grass from the earth, which they leave as bare as though it had been scorched with fire. In the valleys the chase of the locusts is effected in a very primitive manner; viz., by the people—men, women, and children—arming themselves with long branches, and wooden drums or boxes, on which they beat, while they sing a sort of monotonous chant of a religious character, at the same time spreading themselves over the plain, in order to alarm the invaders. It is a singular spectacle to witness this ceremony from a neighboring height, where the gestures and the costumes of the people, and their wild songs, are strangely interesting.

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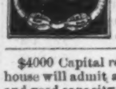

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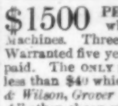

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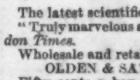

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With Two Illustrations.
THE BRITISH ROUTE FOR A PACIFIC RAILROAD.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—North Thompson River, Rocky Mountains.—Night Camp; Watching for Crees.—The Winter Hut.—Fort Edmonton, on the North Saskatchewan.—Swamp formed by Beavers, with Ancient House and Dam.—The Forest on Fire.—Mr. O'Brien triumphantly crosses the River.—The Assiniboine rescues Bucephalus.—The Misadventure of the Raft.—The Trail at an End.—Crossing the Athabasca River, Rocky Mountains.—Going up Hill.—Upper Lake on the Athabasca.—The Headless Indian.—The Party across the Mountains.
A SPOT REVISITED.
With an Illustration.
MORE "WITNESSES."
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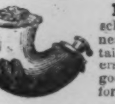

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Of both sexes, use HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU. It will give brisk and energetic feelings, and enable you to sleep well.

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Boots, Shoes, Gaiters, and Slippers, of every description, for ladies, gents, boys, misses, and children.
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For non-retention or incontinence of urine, irritation, inflammation, or ulceration of the bladder or kidneys, diseases of the prostrate glands, stone in the bladder, calculus, gravel or brick-dust deposit, and all diseases of the bladder, kidneys, or dropsical swellings,

Use Helmbold's Fluid Extract Buchu.

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THE ONLY PLACE IN THE CITY WHERE
Ladies' Good Boots and Shoes,
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AT
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FOR
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In both the
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The Glory of Man is Strength.

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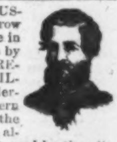

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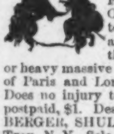

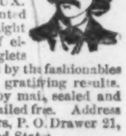

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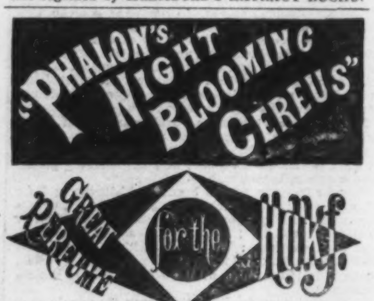
Are regained by HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU.



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